ALL YOUR RADIO FAVOURITES

Popular Music

3D WEEKLY

AND DANCING WEEKLY

Every Thursday.
Number 2. Volume 1.
October 20th, 1934.

EDITED BY JACK PAYNE

THESE SMASHING "HITS" WITHIN—

UNLESS

THE BEAT O' MY HEART

IN OTHER WORDS—
WE'RE THROUGH

MELODY IN SPRING

TRUE

HOSPITALITY

No 2

6 COMPLETE SONG & DANCE HITS

"Crazy" Instruments

By WINTHROP SARGEANT

All Sorts of Funny Things Help to Make Modern Melody

"THAT'S the trouble with being a percussion man nowadays," sighed the care-worn drummer of one of our well-known symphony orchestras.

"You can never be sure what you are going to have to play next. In the old days if you could play a bass drum, a snare drum, cymbals, a gong and a triangle, you were considered an artist. But now you have to be a fine harmonica player one day and a popgun virtuoso the next. You have to learn to play a new instrument at every concert. It wasn't long ago that one of these modernists insisted that I stand at the back of the orchestra and swing a bucket around in circles at the end of a rope. And I'm probably the finest electric-massage-machine player in the world.

The writer looked slightly bewildered.

"Electric-massage machine?"

"Yes. Some composer found that you can make a noise that sounds like an airplane motor by massaging the top of a kettledrum with one of those things they use on you in barbers' shops. If it's handled right you can get a real artistic effect out of it. I had to practise it for days."

Percussionists have had a grievance against composers, ever since Mozart, in a mood of innovation, introduced sleigh-bells into the orchestration of his German Dances. Later composers have given them no rest. Verdi and Wagner wrote for the anvil. The trusty old theatrical wind machine made of a revolving cylinder of canvas formed part of several of Richard Strauss' scores. Arnold Schönberg wrote for heavy iron chains to be clanked and rattled at appropriate moments. Arthur Honneger, Swiss modernist, even went so far as to write for the typewriter in one of his scores.

At the first performance of George Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique* in Paris, a decade or so ago, the audience was startled to observe in the orchestra a huge airplane propeller. As this noble instrument added its whirring noise to the rest of the score, programmes were blown from their possessors' laps, coat collars were turned up; one apprehensive lady in the front row put up an umbrella in self-defence.

It was thought at the time that the composer's tastes were a little extreme. But Mr. Antheil could have pointed to the precedent set by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, who in 1872, celebrating a World's Peace Jubilee, led a chorus of 20,000 voices accompanied by real artillery, fired in time with the music!

While highly esteemed composers have thus conferred respectability on curious contraptions, the jazz band has gone still further. The musical saw and the bicycle pump have both had their day. And bones, slapsticks, marimbas, xylophones, fly-swatter drumsticks and a host of other primitive devices form today a routine part of the music that is heard over the radio and in dance-halls.

For a long time it has been known that a multitude of effects, ranging from the eerie to the poetic, could be made by stopping up the end of a French horn, trumpet or trombone with a piece of cloth, a cardboard cylinder or the player's own fist.

In their search for new tone qualities, trumpeters have used beer-bottles, tin cans and tumblers as mutes. The bowler hat has likewise found favour in this connection. Even in our symphony orchestras some curious mutes have been used.

Several seasons ago, at an important rehearsal, the tuba player forgot to bring his mute. But he had been out shopping, and had bought his wife some new underwear.

In desperation he unwrapped the underwear and carefully dropped it into place in the bell of his instrument, where it worked excellently.

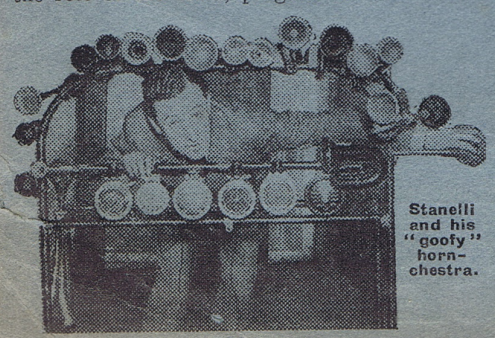
For the next rehearsal he was careful to bring his real mute, but when he played his passage the conductor turned on him.

"Let's have the same mute you used last time," he said sternly.

Sadly the tuba player went home and rummaged in the bureau drawer. At the concert which followed, the underwear reposed snugly in the depths of the gigantic brass instrument, muffling its tootings and rumblings with just the proper grace. The conductor smiled; the audience applauded; only the tuba player glanced uneasily at his instrument.

"Crazy instruments," we may say. But all musical instruments are crazy. What is a trumpet or a trombone but a lot of fancy plumbing? What is a bassoon but a piece of wet bamboo at the end of a wooden tube with holes in it?

What does a violinist do but drag part of a horse's tail across the stretched intestines of a goat? Crazy? The fact is that music can be made out of almost anything.



Stanelli and his "goofy" horn-chestra.

CHORDS

THE reason why Freddy Schweitzer, the Hylton saxophonist, clowns so funnily is that his father was a famous circus clown in Germany. Freddy learned all those tricks as a child, and the memory lingers on.

* * * * *

His best stunt? Probably the one he does on the stage. He balances a violin on his head, plays a "hot" chorus on his clarinet, and does a step-dance—all at the same time.

* * * * *

Someone ought to write a golf song duet for Elsie Carlisle and Sam Browne, of the Ambrose outfit. Away from the "mike" they both play golf. Very often together.

* * * * *

Motoring is about the chief off-duty occupation of the dance band lads. Billy Cotton competed in the Brooklands 500 miles race this year. He is also an aeroplane enthusiast. As good in the air as on it!

* * * * *

Buddy Featherstonhaugh, foremost tenor saxophonist in the opinion of experts, also competes in car race meetings. As a member of Whitney Straight's famous team he drove in the Grand Prix d'Albi, in France. And won.

* * *

Cars are the pet extravagance of Joe Venuti, the headline violin artist in dance music. Joe also plays billiards. And studies music as a relaxation. The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is his favourite listening treat.

Elsie Carlisle

Photo: Mannell

* * * * *

Joe is a naturalised American, has Italian parents, was born at sea, and has never been to Italy. Wants to go. In London Joe likes Soho, our traffic control, and our taxi-drivers.

* * * * *

Jack and Ennis Hylton have their own "silent zone" at home. In their Mayfair house they have a big room entirely sound-proof. A whole band could play in it and nobody would know outside. Nice neighbour to have, is Jack!

* * * * *

Rudy Starita has been playing with a stop-watch. Has timed himself on his xylophone. Announces that the number of strokes per minute is 800.

* * * * *

The British band invasion of Broadway has certainly stirred up the Great White Way. Hasn't been so much talk and argument since the "Rhapsody in Blue" hit town. The visit of Jack Hylton, Ray Noble and Al Bowlly may have very interesting results. We shall see.

* * * * *

This will be Al's third trip to the States, by the way. Once he touched there while working his passage round the world. Rather different this time.

* * * * *

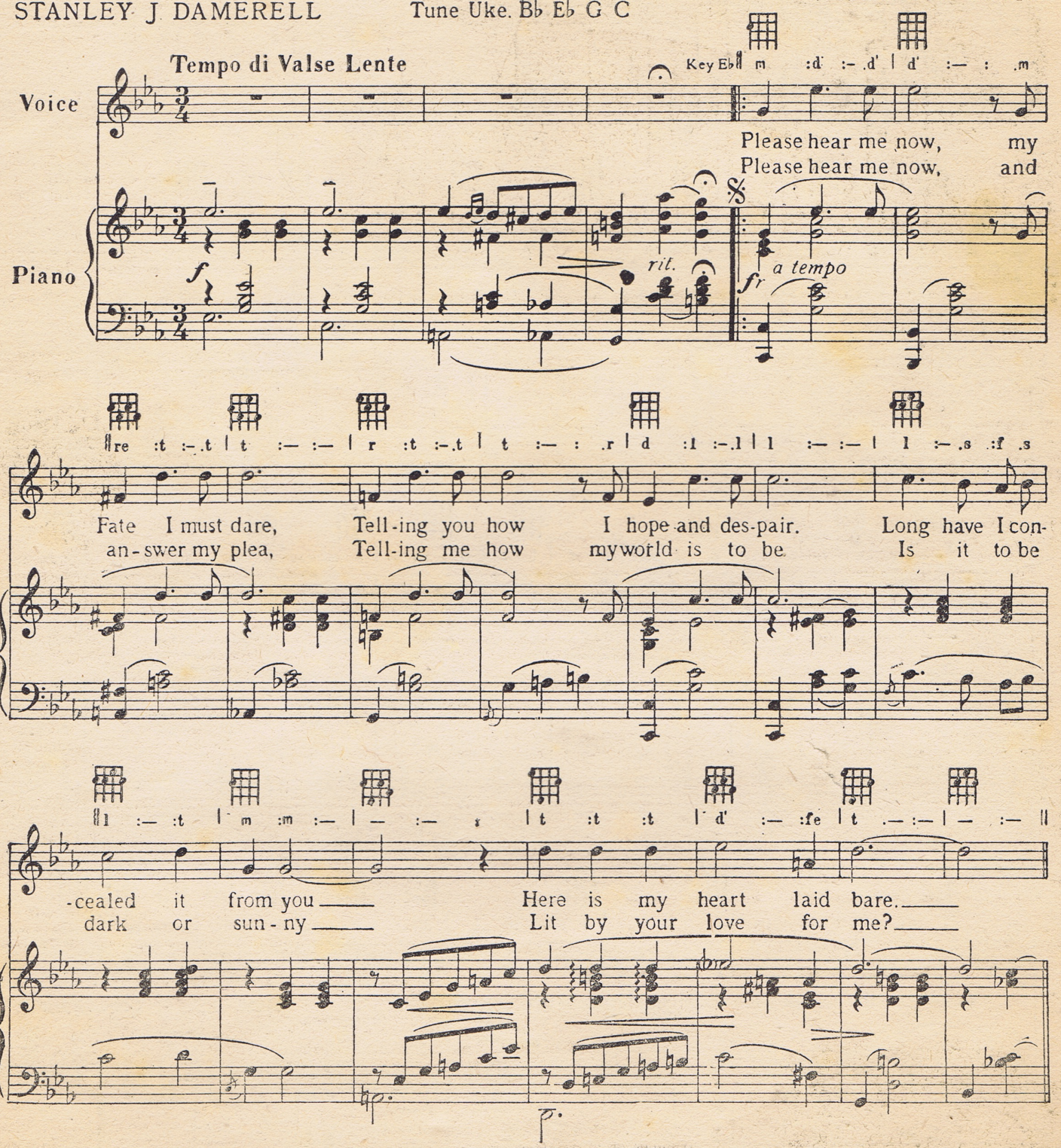
One of the smallest musicians in the country plays the largest movable instrument in a band! He is "Tiny" Winters, of Lew Stone's team. The double bass is his instrument.

UNLESS

(WALTZ BALLAD)

Words by
ROBERT HARGREAVES &
STANLEY J. DAMERELL

Tune Uke. B♭ E♭ G C

Music by
TOLCHARD EVANS

Tempo di Valse Lente
Key E♭
Voice
Piano
Please hear me now, my
Please hear me now, and
rit.
a tempo
Fate I must dare, Tell-ing you how I hope and des-pair. Long have I con-
an-swer my plea, Tell-ing me how my world is to be Is it to be
-cealed it from you Here is my heart laid bare.
dark or sun-ny Lit by your love for me?

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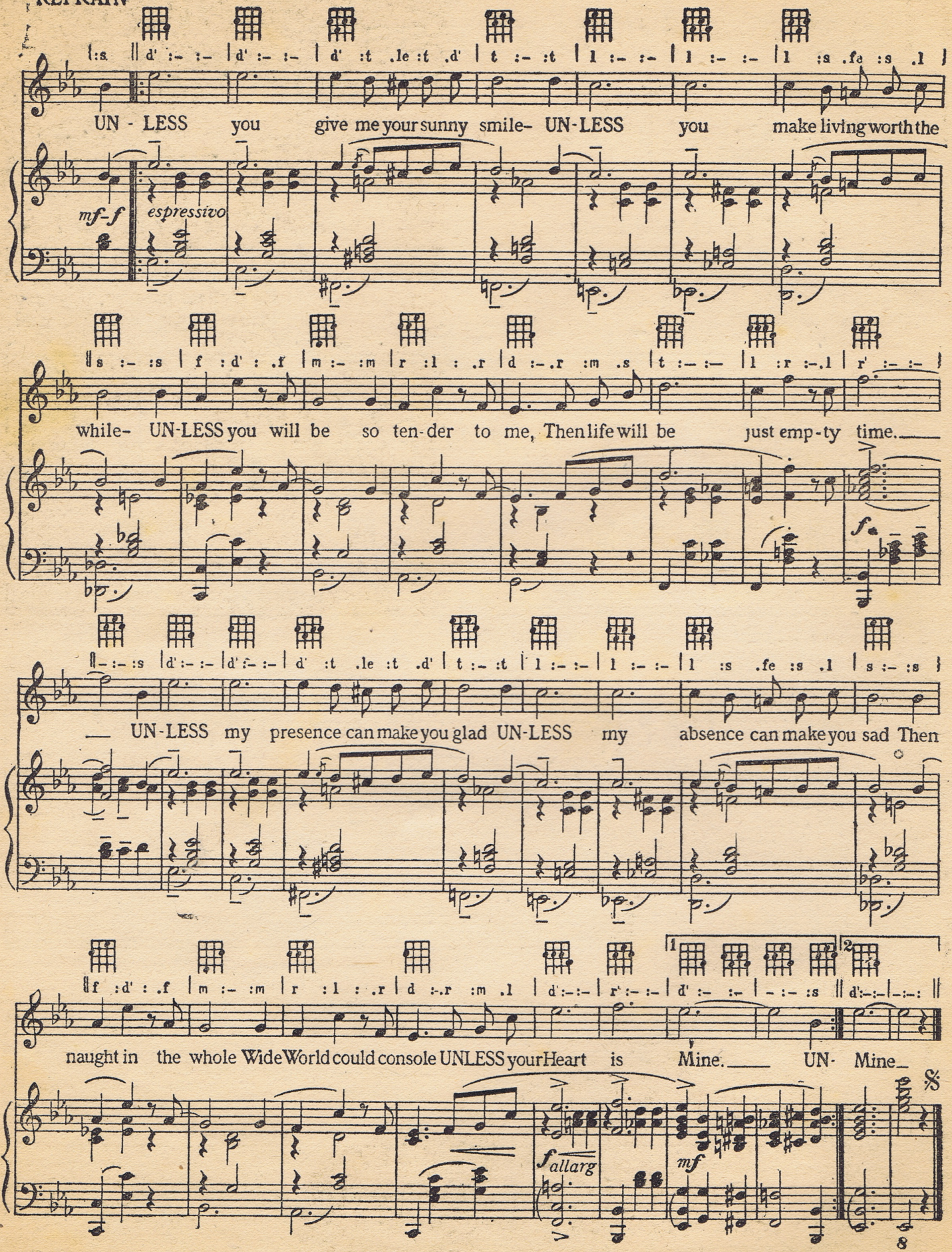

REFRAIN
UN - LESS you give me your sunny smile- UN-LESS you make living worth the
mf-f
espressivo
while- UN-LESS you will be so ten-der to me, Then life will be just emp-ty time.
f
UN-LESS my presence can make you glad UN-LESS my absence can make you sad Then
naught in the whole Wide World could console UNLESS your Heart is Mine. UN- Mine
1
2
f allarg
mf
8

Henry—the HALL-MARK of Popular Music

Millions of people tune-in regularly to Henry Hall and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra. They know him—but yet they don't. In this article by H. W. SHIRLEY LONG you get the real truth about the man who has set the feet of all Britain tapping.

Betty Hall seems to be following in father's footsteps, while brother Mike looks on with approval.

You probably have your own mental picture of what the man who comes on the air every afternoon at 5.15 looks like.

You probably judge him by his voice and the few pictures that are available. Both do him very much less than justice.

He is not a shy, hesitant, curate-like fellow. Quite the contrary. But for a man with one of the most famous names in Britain he is very much an unknown quantity. What is he really like?

Very tall and slim, sensitive and highly strung, as you can guess, but after that most people's guesses go a long way wrong. His published photographs do not show his eyes, for instance. They are keen, grey, and shrewd behind the concealing horn-rimmed spectacles, with little lines and creases round them, caused by Henry's habit of smiling and screwing up his eyes when concentrating on a score.

What He Looks Like.

His hair is dark, with a wave that he cannot quite brush out, getting streaked with grey now; and his face is pale, but strong-featured. He looks in the early thirties, but a few years of his present job may change that at the rate he works.

It's a pity the camera is so unkind to Henry's smile. The funny little sideways quirk in it never registers well. His voice? Well, talking to him off duty you would just about recognise it as belonging to the man who speaks immediately after "It's Always Time For Dancing."

Normally, Henry's speaking voice is crisp, firm and a shade deeper than you would expect. But the "u" vowel sound and the missing final "g" on words ending in "ing" are there. You can tell that H. H. is London born.

He is a swift, vigorous talker, with plenty of Lee Tracy-like gestures and a rather Continental shrug of the shoulders to emphasise points. He is restless, too; gets up, walks a few paces, sits down. Conversational style is very masculine and well salted with hearty adjectives when the occasion demands.

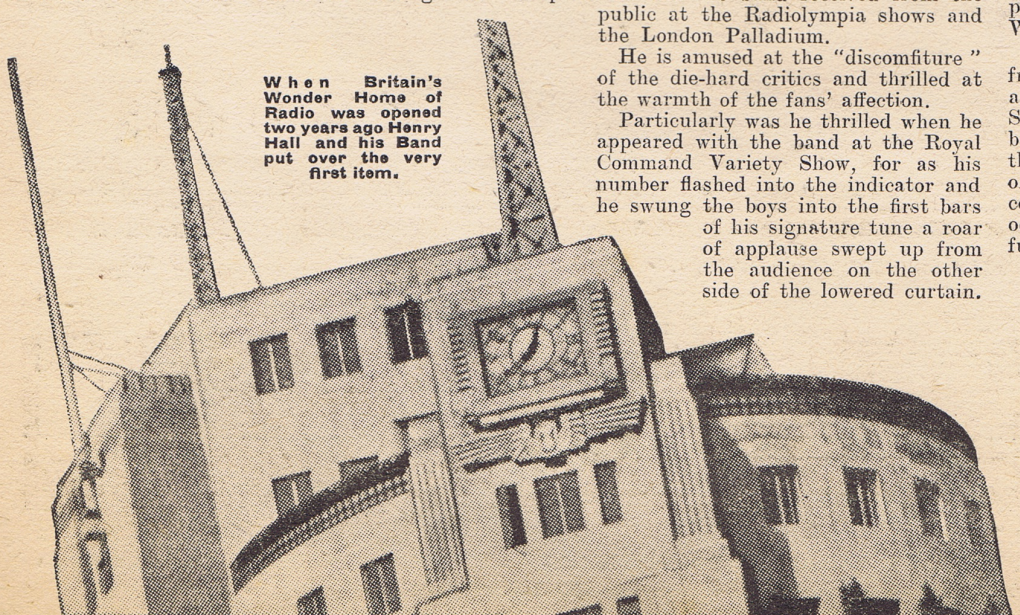
He talks well and readily about dance music, radio, or anything to do with his job. But not about himself personally. He is quite aware of what critics have been saying about him and his band. Doesn't mind a bit, but makes changes—as recently—when he thinks he will.

As he gets the biggest fan mail in Broadcasting House he knows what you like. From his reading of your reactions to the B.B.C. dance band programmes, he says that only five per cent of ordinary listeners want "hot music" or advanced stuff. Melody is what we want, says Henry.

Secretly he is amused and thrilled at the reception he and his band received from the public at the Radiolympia shows and the London Palladium.

He is amused at the "discomfiture" of the die-hard critics and thrilled at the warmth of the fans' affection.

Particularly was he thrilled when he appeared with the band at the Royal Command Variety Show, for as his number flashed into the indicator and he swung the boys into the first bars of his signature tune a roar of applause swept up from the audience on the other side of the lowered curtain. And the King and Queen were there, too. A big moment that!



When Britain's Wonder Home of Radio was opened two years ago Henry Hall and his Band put over the very first item.

What lots of folk do not appreciate about Henry Hall is that he has had nearly twenty years of as varied experience in the song-and-dance world as anybody now before the public.

When he was a normal work-shy, games-loving schoolboy in Clapham they discovered that he had been born with an exceptional ear for keys and tonal values. So he was sent by his music-loving parents—the whole Hall family had a good musical education—to Trinity College. Not that Henry was a good student. He loathed practice and theory, but managed to become a most proficient pianist and trumpet player. Even won prizes, and appeared at West End prize-giving concerts, too.

Now comes a part of his career that suffers from the customary misapprehensions. At the age of sixteen he became connected with the Salvation Army. Not playing in a street band, but in the musical editorial office of the Army, the headquarters of all the vast musical activity of that body. That is where H. H. learned to compose and arrange at high speed, which was odd, but good preparation for his glamorous future.

His Crowded Career.

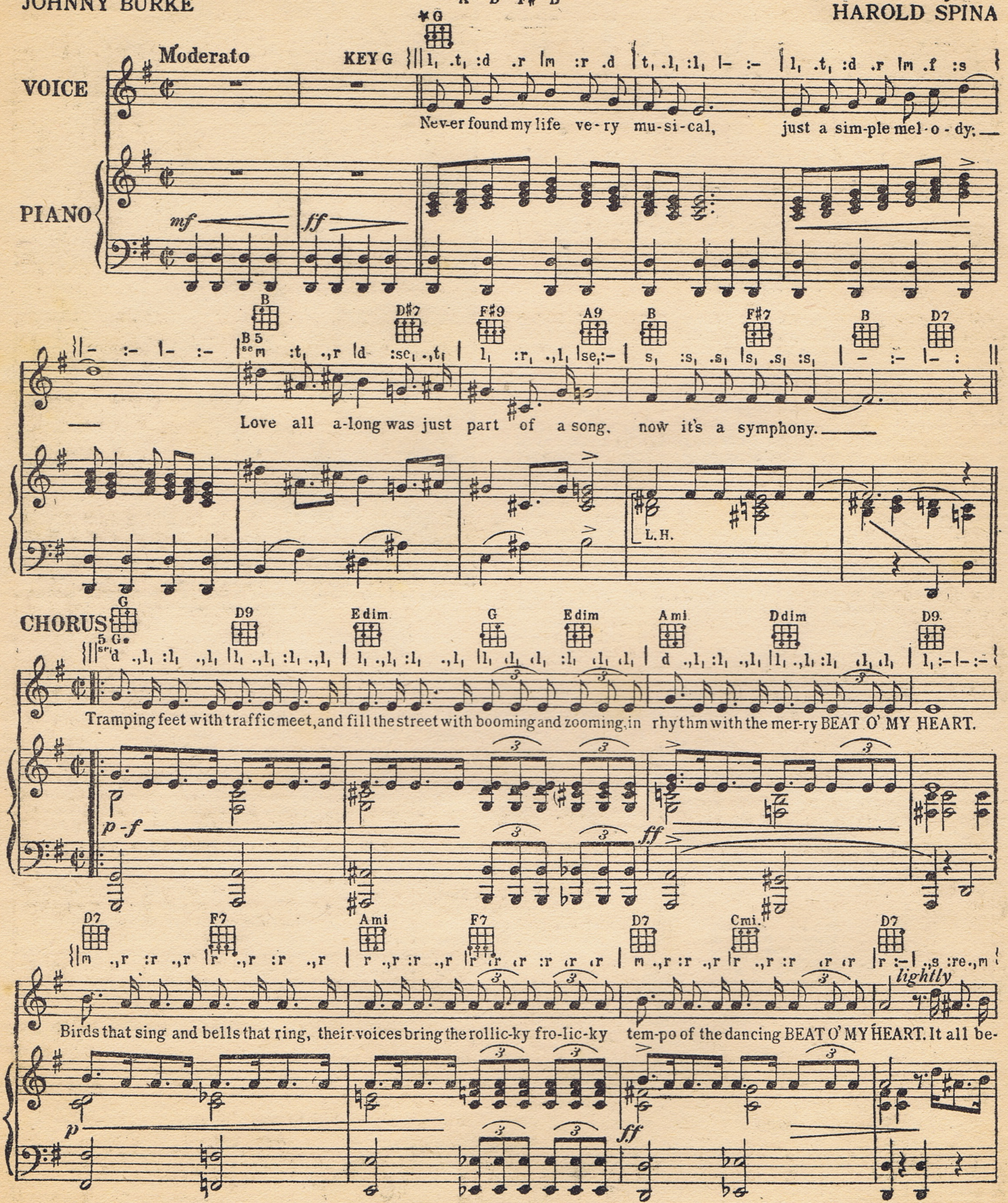
Here, potted, is the rest of Henry Hall's career: Home service, owing to age, in the War; playing the organ in a cinema orchestra; touring the music-halls of Britain with his own act; sudden decision to become a great classical pianist; entry into Guildhall School of Music with another cinema orchestra job to keep body and soul together while studying; temporary job as relief pianist in Manchester.

Henry went up to Manchester intending to stay one month. He stayed ten years, and ended up as director of music for a big hotel combine. Then the B.B.C. . . .

THE BEAT O' MY HEART

Tune Ukulele
A D F♯ B

Words by
JOHNNY BURKE

Music by
HAROLD SPINA

Moderato
KEY G
VOICE
PIANO
mf
ff
Never found my life very musical, just a simple melody.
Love all along was just part of a song, now it's a symphony.
L.H.
CHORUS
Tramping feet with traffic meet, and fill the street with booming and zooming in rhythm with the merry BEAT O' MY HEART.
p-f
ff
lightly
Birds that sing and bells that ring, their voices bring the rollicky frolicky tempo of the dancing BEAT O' MY HEART. It all be-
p
ff

*Symbols for Banjo & Guitar

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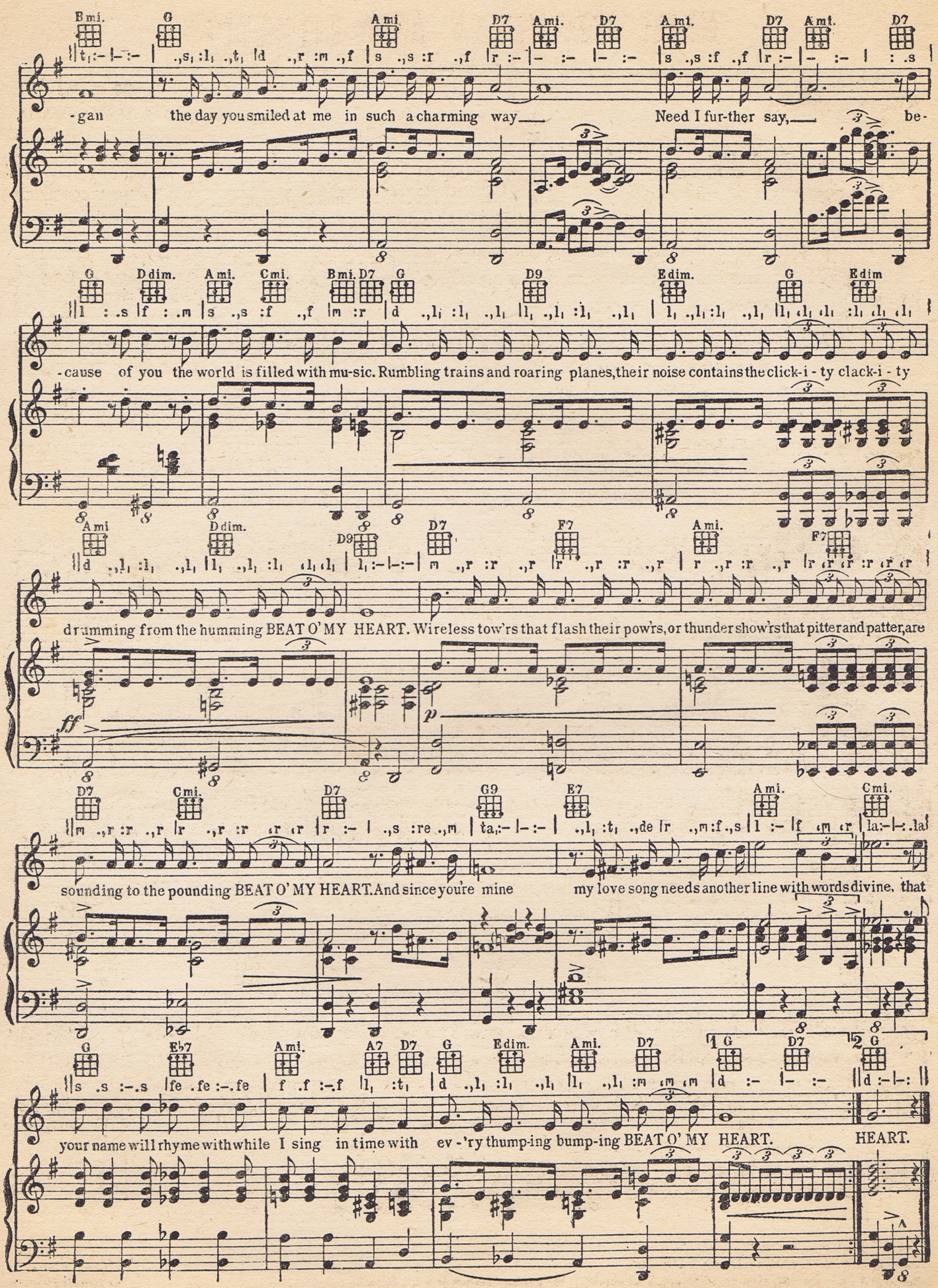
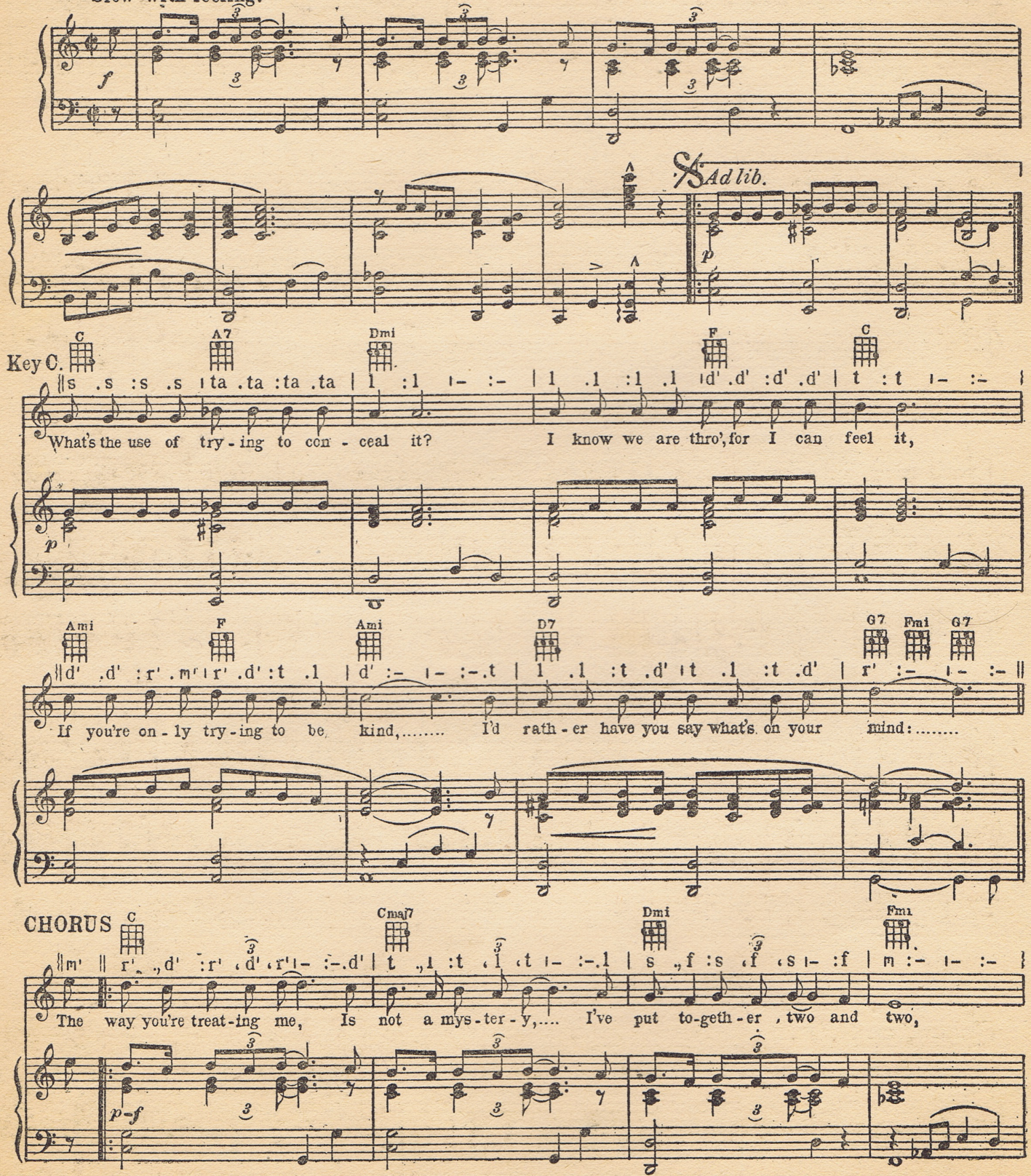

Bmi. G Ami D7 Ami. D7 Ami. D7 Ami. D7
-gan the day you smiled at me in such a charming way Need I fur-ther say, be-
G Ddim. Ami. Cmi. Bmi. D7 G D9 Edim. G Edim
-cause of you the world is filled with mu-sic. Rumbling trains and roaring planes, their noise contains the click-i-ty clack-i-ty
Ami Ddim. D9 D7 F7 Ami. F7
drumming from the humming BEAT O' MY HEART. Wireless tow'rs that flash their pow'rs, or thunder show'rs that pitter and patter, are
ff p
D7 Cmi. D7 G9 E7 Ami. Cmi.
sounding to the pounding BEAT O' MY HEART. And since you're mine my love song needs another line with words divine, that
G Eb7 Ami. A7 D7 G Edim. Ami. D7 1 G D7 2 G
your name will rhyme with while I sing in time with ev-'ry thump-ing bump-ing BEAT O' MY HEART. HEART.

IN OTHER WORDS - WE'RE THROUGH

MARTY SYMES
AL. J. NEIBURG &
JERRY LEVINSON

Tune Ukulele to G.C.E.A.

Slow with feeling.

Ad lib.
Key C.
C A7 Dmi F C
What's the use of try-ing to con-ceal it? I know we are thro', for I can feel it,
Ami F Ami D7 G7 Fmi G7
If you're on-ly try-ing to be kind,..... I'd rath-er have you say what's on your mind:.....
CHORUS
C Cmaj7 Dmi Fmi
The way you're treat-ing me, Is not a mys-ter-y,.... I've put to-geth-er, two and two,

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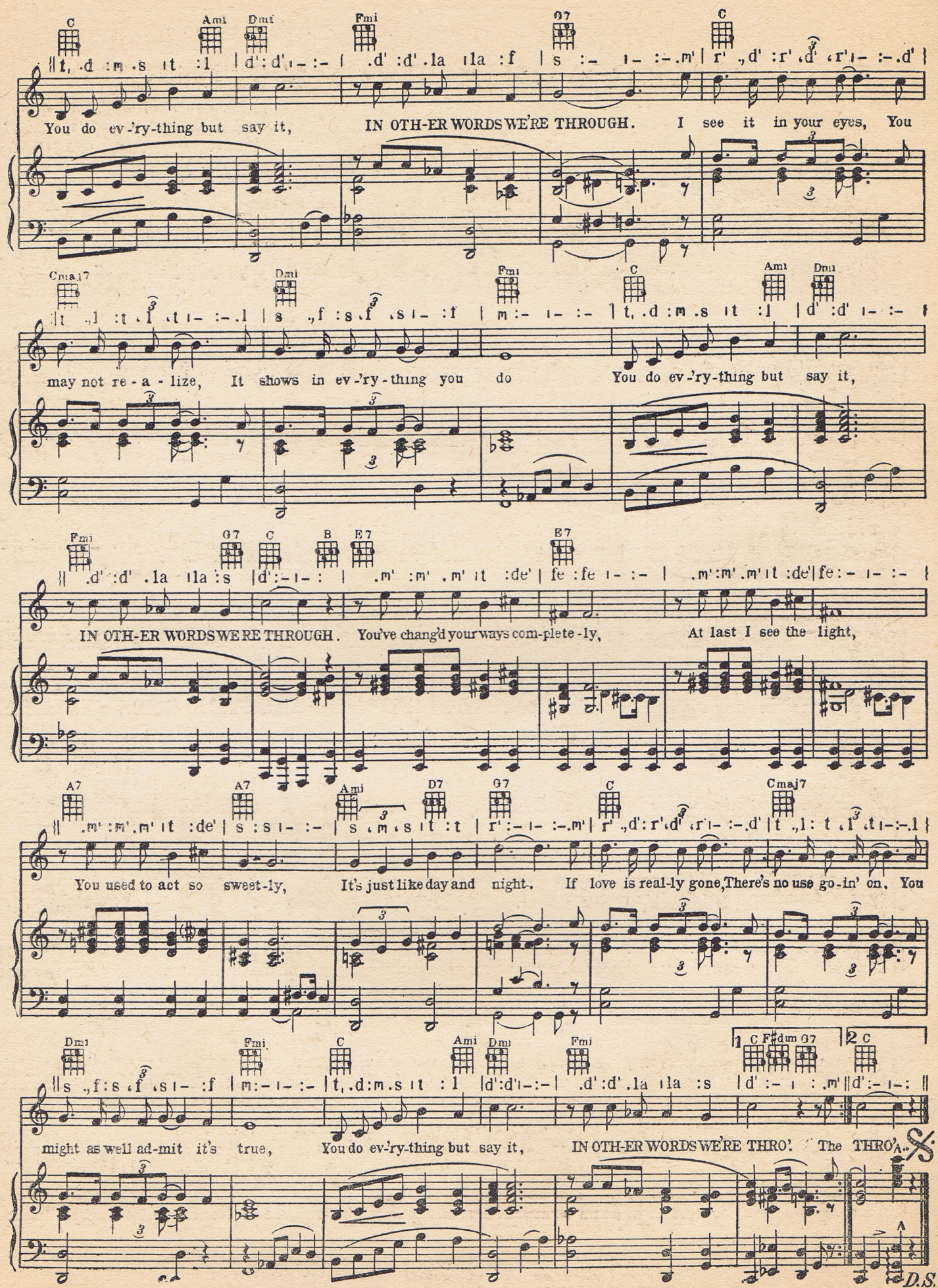

C Ami Dmi Fmi G7 C
You do ev-'ry-thing but say it, IN OTH-ER WORDS WE'RE THROUGH. I see it in your eyes, You
Cmaj7 Dmi Fmi C Ami Dmi
may not re-a-lize, It shows in ev-'ry-thing you do You do ev-'ry-thing but say it,
Fmi G7 C B E7 E7
IN OTH-ER WORDS WE'RE THROUGH. You've chang'd your ways com-plete-ly, At last I see the light,
A7 A7 Ami D7 G7 C Cmaj7
You used to act so sweet-ly, It's just like day and night. If love is real-ly gone, There's no use go-in' on. You
Dmi Fmi C Ami Dmi Fmi 1 C F♯dim G7 2 C
might as well ad-mit it's true, You do ev-'ry-thing but say it, IN OTH-ER WORDS WE'RE THRO'. The THRO'
D.S.

THE SONG and DANCE PARADE

Reviewed by "WALTZ-TIME"

INTIMATE GOSSIP THAT TAKES YOU BEHIND THE SCENES

LANNY ROSS, the young man with the beguiling smile and lilting voice, becomes with "Melody In Spring"—the haunting theme song you've got in this issue—Bing Crosby's latest screen challenger.

He started on the radio, and has now gone back to it for a spell. Says he prefers it because he is quite content to sing, whereas he says: "On the screen you've got to act as well."

"If I *must* act, well, I hope they give me a serious job of acting to do," says Lanny.

Lanny Keeps his Head.

He's been very successful, but he has a recipe for keeping his head its normal size. "If I am singing a number and I think to myself, 'Ah, this is good,' then automatically I lose the spark that is making the song go over well." So Lanny doesn't let himself think he's good!

Crooners and dance-band men often have keen appreciation for artistes in which we call the "highbrow" line. Lanny is a fervent admirer of John McCormack, celebrated Irish opera tenor. He admires his voice and his wandering troubadour mode of life.

Lew Knew What he Wanted.

Lew Stone, who left the air and took to the "road" for a while, is no stranger to swift changes. Into his short life he has packed the most remarkable adventures. He had a six-guinea musical education—three years' piano lessons at half-a-guinea a quarter! Father Stone wanted Lew to be a cabinet-maker. Lew wanted to get into show business. So he ran away from home and joined a concert party.

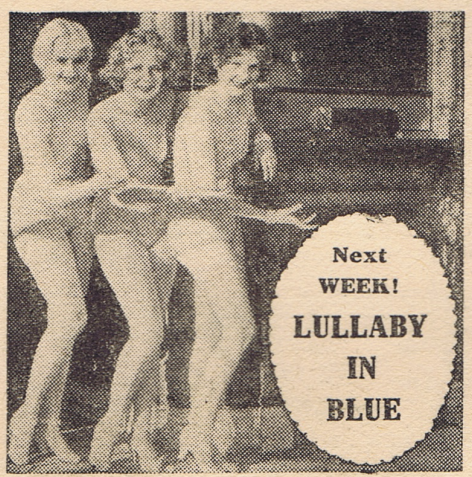
* * * * *

That first experience ought to have cured him of the song-and-dance world, for Lew found himself stranded in Durham. He returned to London, however, in a first-class carriage. But he had a platform ticket and he rode *under* the seat. I think that equals the American stars who have stolen rides in "freight trains."

The next thing was a spell as a dock labourer—total wages being ten shillings. Then Lew managed to get his first band job in the late Bert Ralston's outfit. A few years later he was in such demand as an arranger that he nearly had a breakdown.

After which came Roy Fox's band, his own team at the Monseigneur, a terrific radio and gramophone success, and a tour of the country on the "halls." We shall hear a great deal more of young Mr. Stone.

By the way, add to your list of radio stars' sports the fact that Lew was a schoolboy Soccer international and a frequent performer for the famous Casuals team.



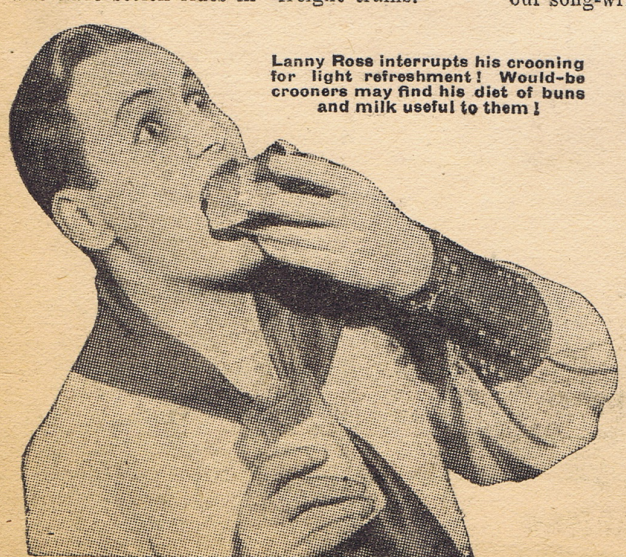
Three Warner "chorines" from Hollywood point the way to the hits of the day. Turn to Cover iii for next week's "all star" programme!

A Rolling Stone.

I ran into Michael Carr in Jazz Lane the other day. Michael is one of the brightest of our song-writers, being part author of such hits as "I Was in the Mood," "He's Dead But He Won't Lie Down," "Dreamy Serenade," "He Was a Handsome Young Soldier," "Riding on the Clouds," and many others.

Michael has been a rolling stone, and his brains and ideas have gathered no moss.

Born in Leeds. Son of an ex-feather-weight champion of England. Has been a hobo, ship's steward, actor, studio electrician, and football coach. Michael has slept for nights in Central Park, New York, and has known what it is to be penniless.



Lanny Ross interrupts his crooning for light refreshment! Would-be crooners may find his diet of buns and milk useful to them!

Your Summer Favourites.

I've met several of my seaside concert-party friends recently. After record summer seasons most of them are now plunged into big winter programmes. People like Arthur Askey, Gladys Merredew, Geoffrey Dupree and Wally Barker, who are familiar figures to thousands of holidaymakers, are so much in demand as entertainers at winter concerts and dinners that they rarely have a spare night, even on Sundays.

Arthur Askey told me that last winter he had to travel all over the country, and on one evening had to fulfil five engagements!

Will Gloves Return?

A pre-war dance habit is being discussed for early revival in our dance-halls. Gloves for men! And why not? It isn't very pleasant to soil one's partner's dress, yet in the hot atmosphere of a crowded dance-hall it isn't always avoidable. Besides, gloves help one to obtain the firm grip that is necessary for graceful dancing.

Versatile Anona.

Anona Winn, petite and energetic, is one of many singers who are grateful for the countryside. She tells me that her cottage at Angmering is her one oasis in a "Desert of Rush." Somehow, Anona contrives to live a dozen lives in one. Look at her range; singer, mimic, lyric writer, scenario writer, actress, dancer—and domesticated wife!

Not many people know that she is an accomplished tap-dancer and "high-kicker." Like most Australian girls she is crazy about horse-riding, and a canter is a pre-breakfast ritual. Her "likes" include gardening, shorts, ice-cream and her dog, "Woggles." Main objection; being photographed when not in the mood.

Spectacle and Speed.

"Gay Divorce" will not burst across our screens for some time yet, but it promises to be a super song-and-dance film. Fred Astaire stars, which is good news for every dance-fan, and, remarkably, they've retained all the original hits from the stage show, including the famous "Night and Day." The three dancing high-spots will be Fred's "Dance of the Moods," his "Joy Dance," in which he leads the lady of his dreams in a daring waltz over tables, chairs and what-nots, and a spectacular Adagio ensemble which has cost £15,000 to film.

* * * * *

This Adagio dance should do our eyes good. It's the first time that it has ever been attempted by more than one couple at a time. Far too many whirls and leaps! But this time you'll see fifty couples making the grand effort on a floor space which, a statistically-minded publicity man insists, covers 1,500 square feet.

An American Winner.

Dance tunes are often kept "in cold storage." When, for instance, a London musical show is being taken over to America no dance band is allowed to play the new numbers on the other side until the show is launched. The same thing applies when a Broadway show is being put on in London. There is, I can reveal, one haunting, clever song which has been the rage of America for many months, but of which not a note has been heard in Britain—"Smoke Gets In Your Eyes." When it is released it will be a winner here, I can assure you.

"So You're Learning to Dance?"

by Mr and Mrs VICTOR SILVESTER

If this is your first season of ballroom dancing you cannot afford to miss the valuable advice given to you by a famous dance-team.

SHE was about eighteen and had just taken some dancing lessons.

"You know, I never realised what a difference learning to dance would make to my life," she said. "I used to feel shy and awkward if I had to walk across a room. I didn't feel too comfortable in the company of boys or men, and clothes sense was a thing I knew nothing about.

"But now, after a few weeks' dancing, I feel quite different. It doesn't worry me to have to walk across a room full of people; from dancing with men I feel at ease in their company any time; and I am beginning to realise what dress designers mean by the 'line' of a dress."

Then there was a man more than twice the girl's age who said:

"The reason why I learned to dance was because my doctor made me! He said I wanted gentle exercise and relaxation, and recommended dancing for both. He was right."

The Pastime for the Million.

There you have two novel angles on this subject of learning to dance. They illustrate the changed views about it. In past times only a few people of leisure and social ambition learned ball-room dancing, but to-day people from every walk of life take it up. The popularity of dancing has been one of the outstanding features of the last ten years.

So, if you are learning to dance this season—welcome! And congratulations, for you are opening a door to a bigger and fuller life. Obviously, dancing is about the biggest social asset you can equip yourself with to-day. It leads you to hours of enjoyment where you will have every opportunity of meeting other people. It will take your mind off your troubles and worries. It will offer you the chance of putting on your best clothes and stepping forth into a gay colourful background. That, as any mind doctor will tell you, is a mental tonic.

The fact that we teach dozens of people who are sent along to us by doctors; and, furthermore, teach numbers of doctors as well, proves that dancing has a definite health value.

Dancing Good for the Health.

After all, it *is* exercise! An evening's dancing is the equivalent of a five-mile walk in physical effort, but taken in small doses with rest pauses between. Then rhythm is a prime essential to life.

It is a remarkable thing, but we find that people who dance regularly are seldom ill. And as for slimming! I have known a doctor recommend dancing lessons to a woman who wanted to lose weight.

Dancing will give you mental poise, physical grace, fitness—and lots of fun—which is the main attraction, isn't it? Rhythm, movement, melody, soft lights, sweet music—that's dancing.

But lots of people hesitate about learning to dance. They seem to imagine they will have to master masses of intricate steps. They are, we suspect, secretly afraid of being made to look foolish. They look upon dancing as the acquisition of a set of tricks.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. The whole point about modern ball-room dancing is that it is built up on natural foundations.

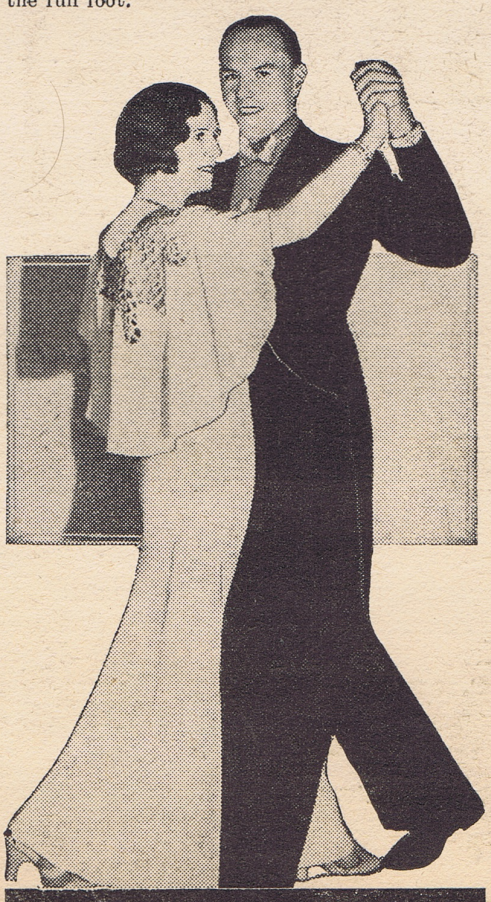
Its basis is the walk, the simple ordinary walk. If you can walk—you can dance. But you must walk correctly first and foremost. Which few people do!

Dancing is a question of balance, like skating. But if your balance is bad in skating you will fall down with a bump, whereas in ball-room dancing it is possible for almost anybody to get round a floor somehow, however terrible it may look and feel to the unfortunate partner.

So, if you are learning to dance, or just picking it up as you go along, remember that balance is the all-important thing, the fundamental principle of dancing.

There is no prancing on tiptoe to-day. The modern couple glide in a smooth, silky style, effortless and simple. Dancing is "streamlined." Yet it is so easy to learn.

That basic walk, for example. Remember that when you swing your foot forward you must do it with your *heel on the ground first*. On every walking movement your foot should be pushed along the floor, stretching right out from the hips, the heel coming down first, then the full foot.



Mr. and Mrs. Victor Silvester demonstrate the correct hold for ballroom dancing.

The backwards walk worries beginners, but it should not if you remember to swing your foot well out from the hips keeping it in contact with the floor all the while. When you are out to your full stretch, your back foot should be right back on the toes before being lowered on to the ball of the foot as you continue. In backwards walking your back heel must never be allowed to touch the floor until the other foot passes it.

Once you have learned to walk and balance yourself, the fundamental basis of ball-room dancing is mastered.

Balance—we always emphasise it—means the correct carriage of weight, and in dancing it is essential that you should think of keeping your weight *forward*.

Balance is the Keynote.

Here is a little suggestion; when dancing THINK of yourself as trying gently to push your partner over, when you are moving forward; and trying to stop your partner from coming forward, when moving backwards.

Don't, of course, try any drastic pushing, but just keep that idea at the back of your mind; it will demonstrate where the weight of your body should be.

Balance and the easy swinging walk—that gives you good movement, the prime essential of correct dancing. And, don't forget that correct dancing is much more enjoyable dancing, for you are receiving maximum benefit from it.

People who learn dancing now are lucky in one important particular—dance-teaching has been standardised; correct dance practice has been regulated.

This means that wherever you learn to dance in Britain—if you go to recognised teachers—you will receive the same basic instruction. No longer does every teacher or school have their own dances, styles or technique.

Rules Are Not Changed.

Every good teacher sets out to teach good style, balance and movement. No trick figures or stunts, freak dances, or odd styles. Like tennis or golf, there is a reason for everything that you do; movements are not a passing fashion or the current whim of any teacher.

That is why the pupils of any one school can dance with the pupils of any other without fear that their styles won't match.

Dancing is not like some card games in which almost every family has its own rules and variations. The rules are fundamental and cannot be changed. Of course, there are always advanced variations that the good and enthusiastic dance fans can add to his or her repertoire, but the basis is always the same.

Take heart, then, you welcome newcomers to our ball-rooms. Remember that it is a question of *how* to dance rather than *what* to dance.

To-day there are five standard dances. In ten years' time there will be exactly the same number. The five are: the Quickstep, Waltz, Slow Foxtrot, Tango, Blues. If you only master the elementary figures of the Quickstep and Waltz and can do them with ease, good style and balance, then you will have something that will last you your lifetime.

"So you're learning to dance——?" With very little cost in time or money you are investing in years of pleasure and happiness.

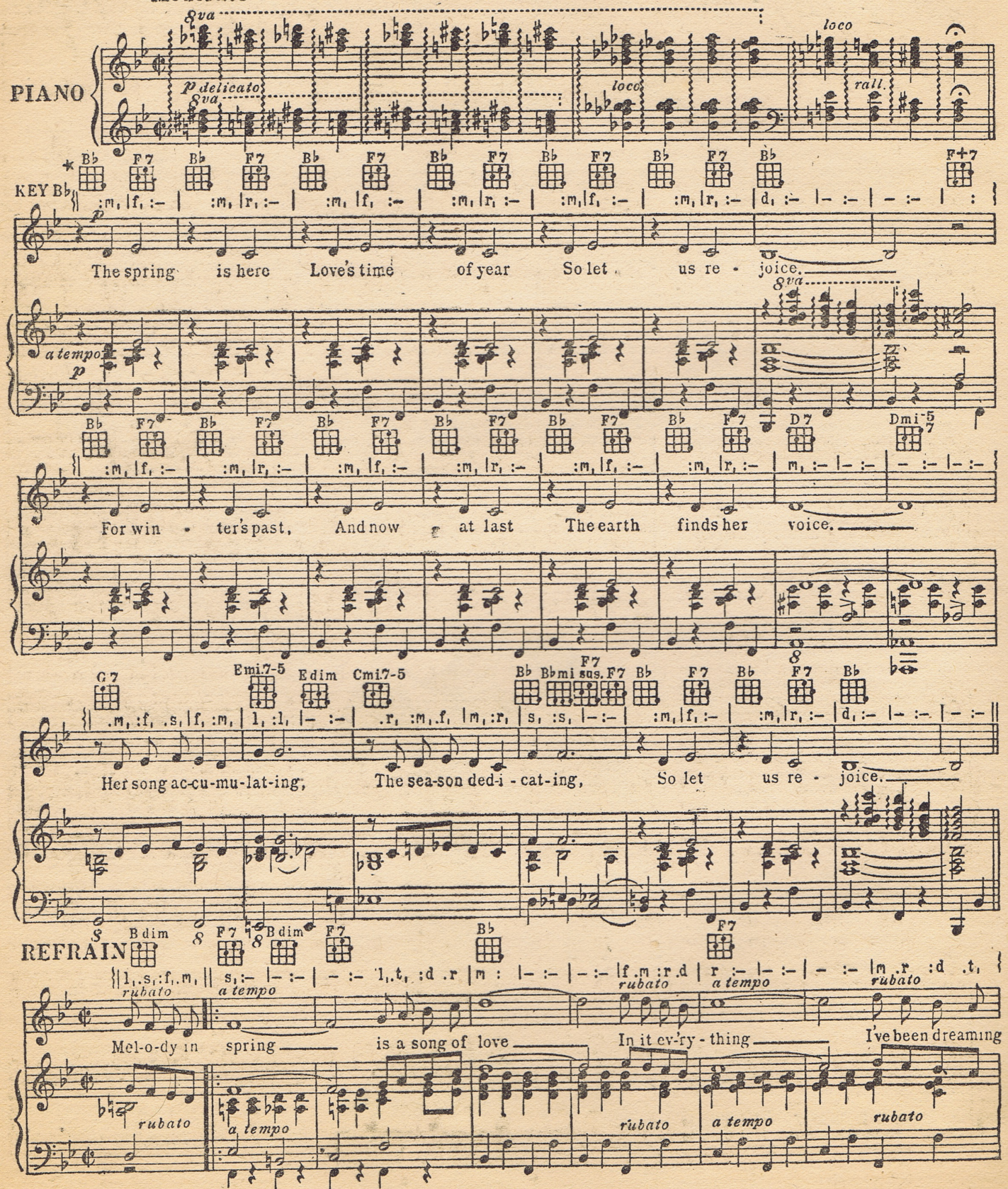
Sung by Lanny Ross in the latest Paramount Picture "MELODY IN SPRING"

MELODY IN SPRING

Words by
HARLAN THOMPSON

Music by
LEWIS E. GENSLER

Moderato

Tune Uke in B♭
F B♭ D G

PIANO
KEY B♭
The spring is here Love's time of year So let us re - joice.
For win - ter's past, And now at last The earth finds her voice.
Her song ac-cu-mu-lat-ing, The sea-son ded-i - cat-ing, So let us re - joice.
REFRAIN
Mel-o-dy in spring is a song of love In it ev-'ry - thing I've been dreaming
rubato
a tempo

*Symbols for Guitar & Banjo

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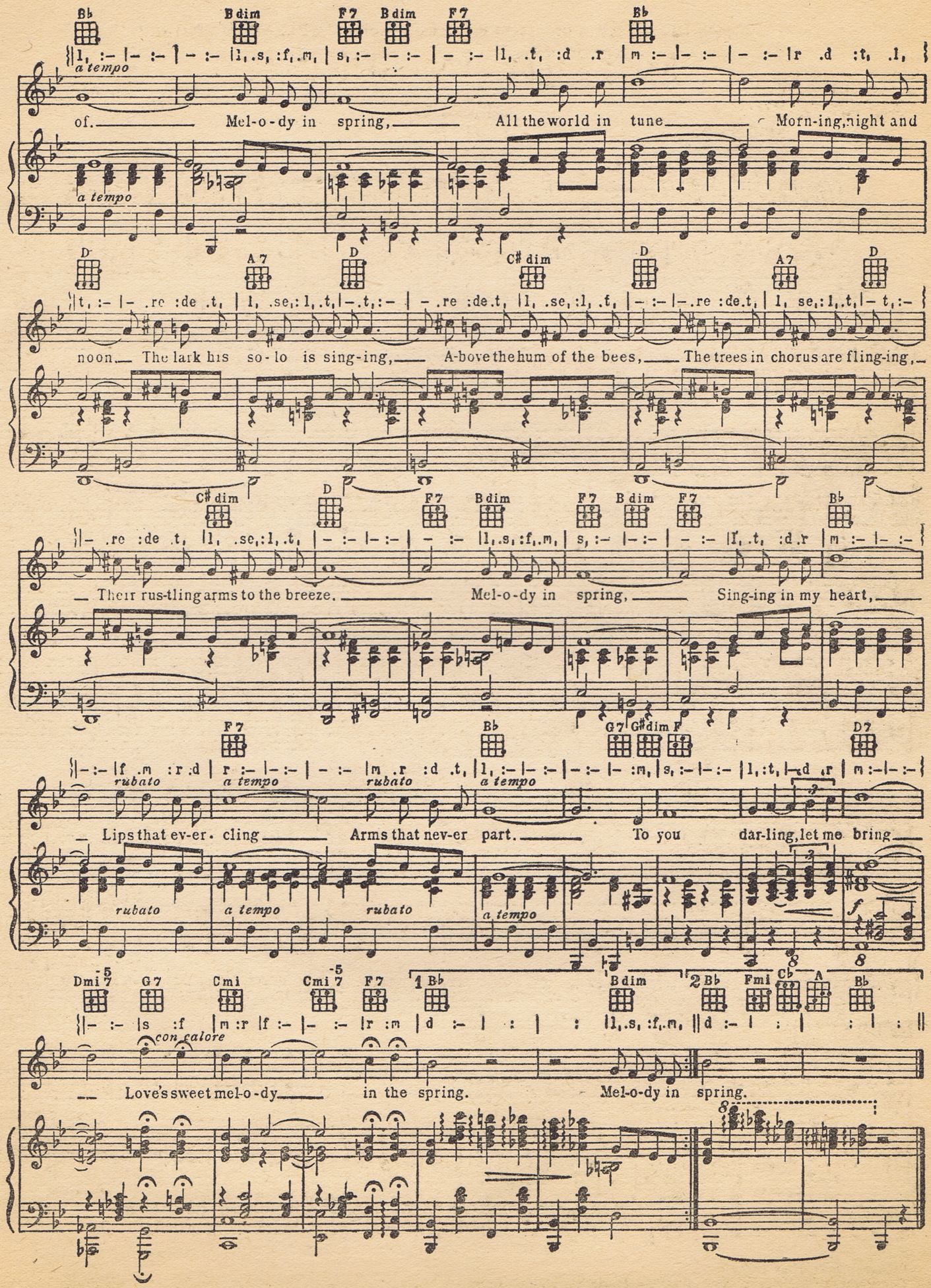
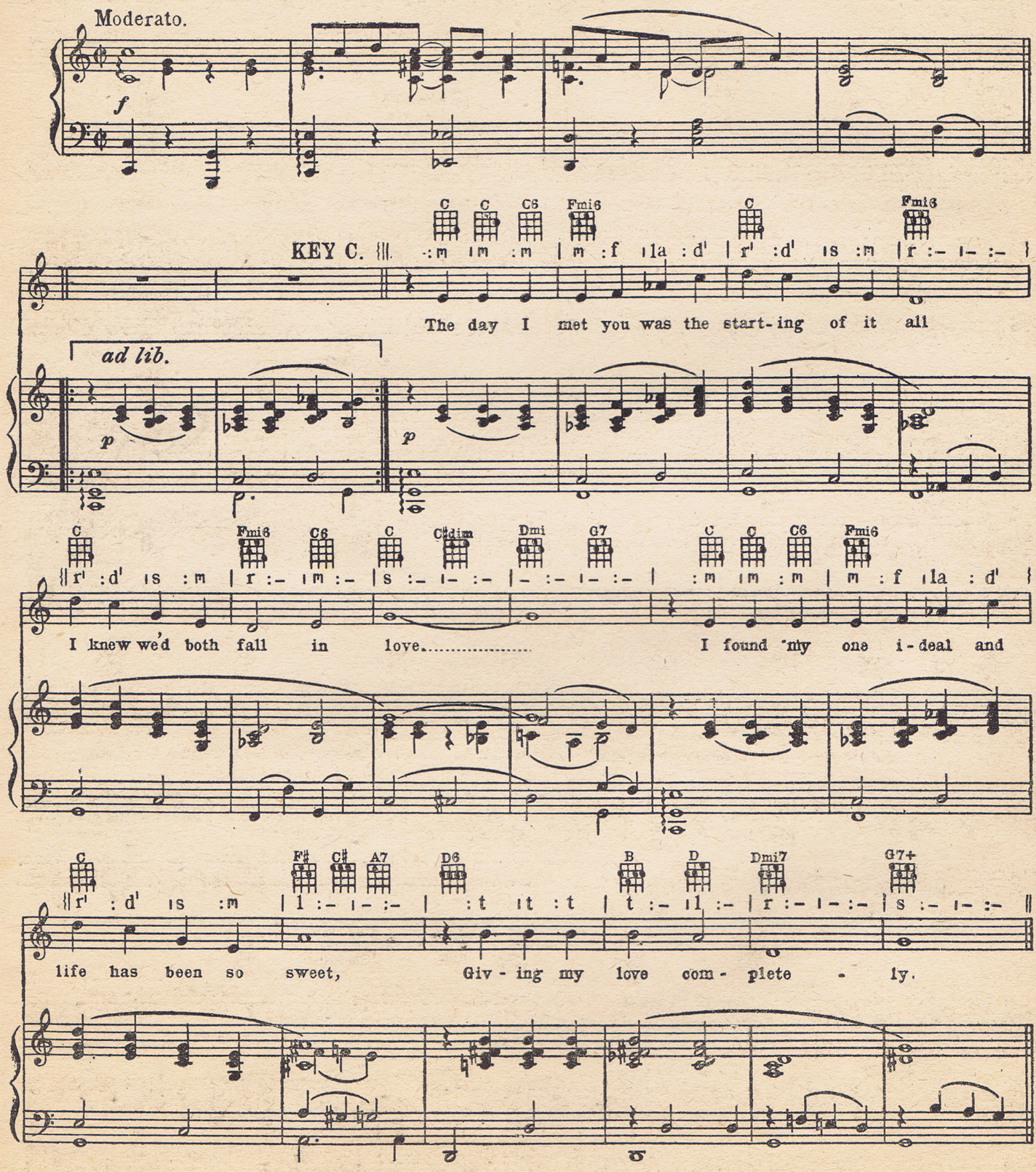

B♭ B dim F7 B dim F7 B♭
a tempo
of. Mel-o-dy in spring, All the world in tune Morn-ing, night and
D A7 D C♯ dim D A7 D
noon. The lark his so-lo is sing-ing, A-bove the hum of the bees, The trees in chorus are fling-ing,
C♯ dim D F7 B dim F7 B dim F7 B♭
Their rus-tling arms to the breeze. Mel-o-dy in spring, Sing-ing in my heart,
F7 B♭ G7 G♯ dim F D7
rubato a tempo rubato a tempo
Lips that ev-er cling Arms that nev-er part. To you dar-ling, let me bring
Dmi7 G7 Cmi Cmi7 F7 1 B♭ B dim 2 B♭ Fmi C♭ A B♭
con calore
Love's sweet mel-o-dy in the spring. Mel-o-dy in spring.

TRUE

By WALTER G. SAMUELS
and
LEONARD WHITCUP.

Tune Ukulele to G.C.E.A

Moderato.
f
KEY C.
C C C6 Fmi6 C Fmi6
The day I met you was the start-ing of it all
ad lib.
p
p
C Fmi6 C6 C C♯dim Dmi G7 C C C6 Fmi6
I knew we'd both fall in love..... I found my one i-deal and
C F♯ C♯ A7 D6 B D Dmi7 G7+
life has been so sweet, Giv-ing my love com-plete-ly.

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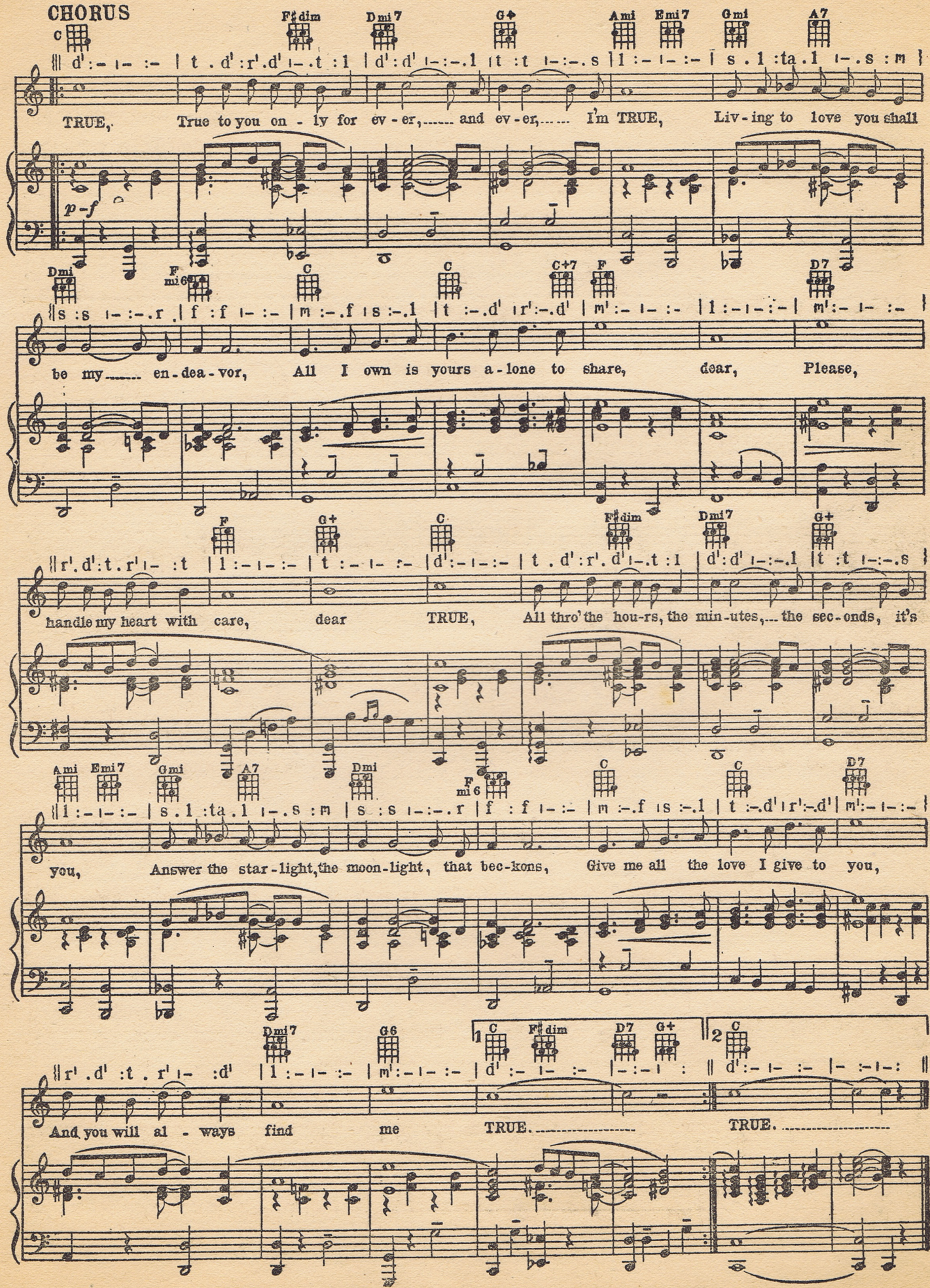
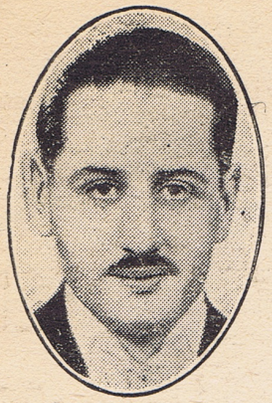
CHORUS

C F♯dim Dmi7 G+ Ami Emi7 Gmi A7
TRUE, True to you on - ly for ev - er, and ev - er, I'm TRUE, Liv - ing to love you shall
p-f
Dmi Fmi6 C C C+7 F D7
be my en - dea - vor, All I own is yours a - lone to share, dear, Please,
F G+ C F♯dim Dmi7 G+
handle my heart with care, dear TRUE, All thro' the hou-rs, the min - utes, the sec - onds, it's
Ami Emi7 Gmi A7 Dmi Fmi6 C C D7
you, Answer the star - light, the moon - light, that bec - kons, Give me all the love I give to you,
Dmi7 G6 1 C F♯dim D7 G+ 2 C
And you will al - ways find me TRUE. TRUE.

Famous Signature Tunes. No. 2. GERALDO'S—



Geraldo

LADY OF SPAIN

Lyric by ERELL REAVES

Music by TOLCHARD EVANS

Geraldo, despite his Continental appearance, is actually of British birth, and his real name is Gerald Bright. He started on a business career, but left to play in a cinema orchestra. After a visit to America he formed his own band. About five years ago he visited Brazil and was so thrilled by the native tango music that he started a tango orchestra and changed his name to add a piquant flavour. Since then he has played regularly at the Savoy Hotel, has toured the country, broadcast and recorded, and played in the Royal Command Performance. His choice of "Lady of Spain" as his signature tune was dictated solely by the fact that the rhythmic atmosphere of the number is entirely characteristic of the type of music which he features so inimitably.

REFRAIN

"La - dy of Spain, I a - dore you.

Right from the night I first saw you, My heart has

been yearn-ing for you; What else could an - y heart

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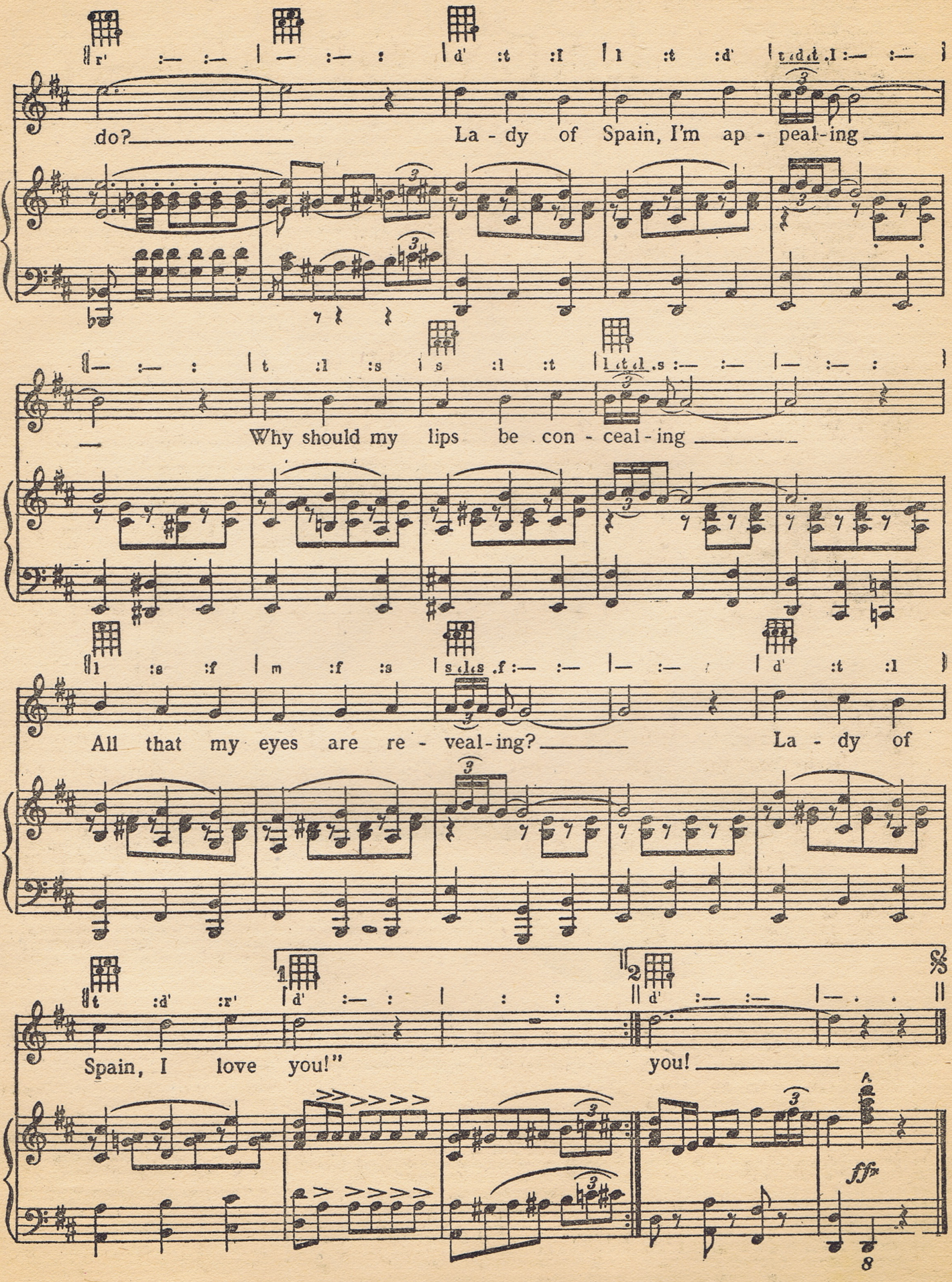

do? La - dy of Spain, I'm ap - peal-ing
Why should my lips be con - ceal - ing
All that my eyes are re - veal-ing? La - dy of
Spain, I love you!" you!
fff

THREE CROONING COUSINS

As the comedian said, "There's only one thing better than a charming singer, and that's three charming singers!" Well, here we present THE CARLYLE COUSINS, Britain's delightful harmony trio, whose trade-mark is Sweet Syncopation. They are introduced by HORACE RICHARDS.

It all began in a cinema nearly four years ago. A slim, fair-haired girl, seeking shelter from a passing shower, went into a West End cinema and watched a film called "Hollywood Revue," one of the earliest talkies. She watched it unmoved till suddenly there appeared a harmony-trio called "The Bronx Sisters," singing, appropriately enough, a number called "Singing in the Rain."

She was thrilled. She dashed from the cinema, hurried home, and, in that moment, the idea of "The Carlyle Cousins" was conceived. But we're progressing too fast. . . .

Shall we meet the girls? You enter their dressing-room and immediately a wave of friendliness envelopes you. Here are not three spoiled darlings, with their heads turned by their success on the stage and on the air, but three jolly girls with unusual talent. The sort of girls you like to know and to be seen with.

Of course, they aren't really cousins. The two fair-haired girls are sisters and the brunette is almost a sister by adoption, because she lives with the blondes' people.

The leader of the trio is Cecile Petrie. Her real name is "Thornton," and she chose "Petrie" as a stage name because she is a cousin of Hay Petrie, the well-known actor.

This is "Trissie."

To her friends she is "Trissie." She is petite and rather frail-looking, with blue eyes, fresh complexion, and an attractively absurd habit of wrinkling her nose when amused. "Trissie" looks after the business arrangements, and also does most of the scoring for the act.

Helen, who sticks to her own name of Thornton, is "Trissie's" younger sister and the babe of the act. Extremely like "Trissie" in looks, she is bubbling over with excitement at finding herself a partner of her adored elder sister.

The brunette, who plays the piano as well as sings, is Lilian Taylor. Lilian chews gum interminably, says exactly what she thinks with devastating frankness and plays the piano like nobody's business.

And, now that you have sorted them out, let's flash back to where we started. "Trissie" was trained as a straight singer and went on to the concert platform at the age of seventeen. She might still be "just another singer" had she not sensed the public desire for jazz. So she teamed up with another Royal Academy student, Pauline Lister, and they formed a double act, singing popular songs in harmony.

So far, so good. But not good enough! They both felt there was something wrong with their act, but just couldn't pin the fault down. Then there occurred the episode in the cinema, and they realised that a third member of the party was needed. So they started the search at the Royal Academy of Music.

Fact being stranger than any fiction, "Trissie" and Pauline happened to walk into the building just as Lilian, in the absence of her professor, was amusing herself by playing some syncopated stuff on the piano. The two girls in search of a partner looked, listened and spoke. That's how Lilian Taylor, destined at first to be a classical pianist but with designs on becoming a ballad singer, was whirled into a world of syncopation.

As for Helen (Tinker to her legion of friends) she came in during an emergency when Pauline had to return to India, and she has been there ever since. And everybody's very happy about it, thank you!

The Act Makes Its Bow.

The Carlyle Cousins made their bow in cabaret at the Majestic Hotel, Harrogate. From there they went to the Shepherd's Bush Empire, and they have been "going places and singing things" ever since, and with ever-increasing fame.

Their chief success has been gained on the air, both as a single act and in many radio variety shows and revues. But they have also been received enthusiastically all over the country at concerts, cinemas, and variety halls.

Two blondes and a brunette who sing the songs you like! (L. to R.) Lilian, Cecile and Helen who are the Carlyle Cousins. (Left). Another glimpse of charming Cecile who formed the trio.

In "The Love of Mike" at the Saville Theatre they sang in the intervals, and must have been the cause of the bar receipts waning sadly. And they have also appeared in two Elstree films, "For the Love of Mike" and "Radio Parade."

The success of any trio on the air must be harmony. But the harmony of this trio is extended "after office hours." Most of their odd hours are spent in rehearsing their highly slick numbers, and in their scant hours of leisure they are far too busy enjoying themselves ever to think about quarrelling.

Tennis, swimming, and dancing are their favourite forms of exercise. All three are grand fun at a party, and, from experience, I can tell you that "Trissie," at least, dances with feet winged with thistledown.

But love the Carlyle Cousins and you've got to love their gramophone, which pours a steady stream of melody into their lives day in and day out. The only time I've seen Lilian miserable was when I went into their dressing-room and found her struggling with their portable machine which had broken down.

It's an even chance that the record you will hear them playing will be of one of their friendly rival teams, because they're always on the look-out for fresh tips. The Boswell Sisters are particularly appreciated by The Cousins, though they weren't too happy when an enterprising journalist labelled them "The English Boswells." They appreciated the compliment, but preferred to be known as "The English Carlyle Cousins." And you can't blame them for that.

You've heard how professional jealousy is rife in the show world, haven't you? Well, it's mostly exaggerated. But, in any case, with the Carlyle Cousins it is totally non-existent.

Here is a story illustrating the fact. I shall probably get into trouble from Trissie for telling it.

About two years ago three other girls formed a harmony singing act and got their first engagement at a London variety theatre. Tongues immediately started wagging. How would the Carlyle Cousins react to these rivals?

A Kindly Gesture.

At the first matinée of their "rivals," the Cousins went along and saw the show. Afterwards they went backstage and, not only congratulated the new girls on their performance, but actually went out of the way to give them certain hints which improved their act fifty per cent.

The leader of the "rival trio" told me this story.

Just a gesture—but it shows that The Carlyle Cousins are real troupers.

They're fun these girls. And long hours spent working out the intricate network of rhythm which subsequently emerges delightfully as "Crazy People" or some other red-hot number, hasn't the power to rob them of their optimistic outlook. And if those long hours of hard work do make them a little absent-minded and unreliable, so that you can never be quite certain whether you'll get a reply to your letter or whether they'll be punctual for an appointment, they have a flair for carrying it off so charmingly that eventually you apologise to them!

If you see three bare-headed girls arm-in-arm in Highgate or crammed into their hopelessly inadequate car give them a wave. They are the three crooning Carlyle Cousins.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE!

BELOVED :: MY DESIGN FOR LIVING
YOU HAVE TAKEN MY HEART
COOM PRETTY ONE
LULLABY IN BLUE

Also a Sam Coslow Hit and Charlie Kunz's Signature Tune, and several Pages of Fascinating Behind-the-Scenes Gossip and Articles.

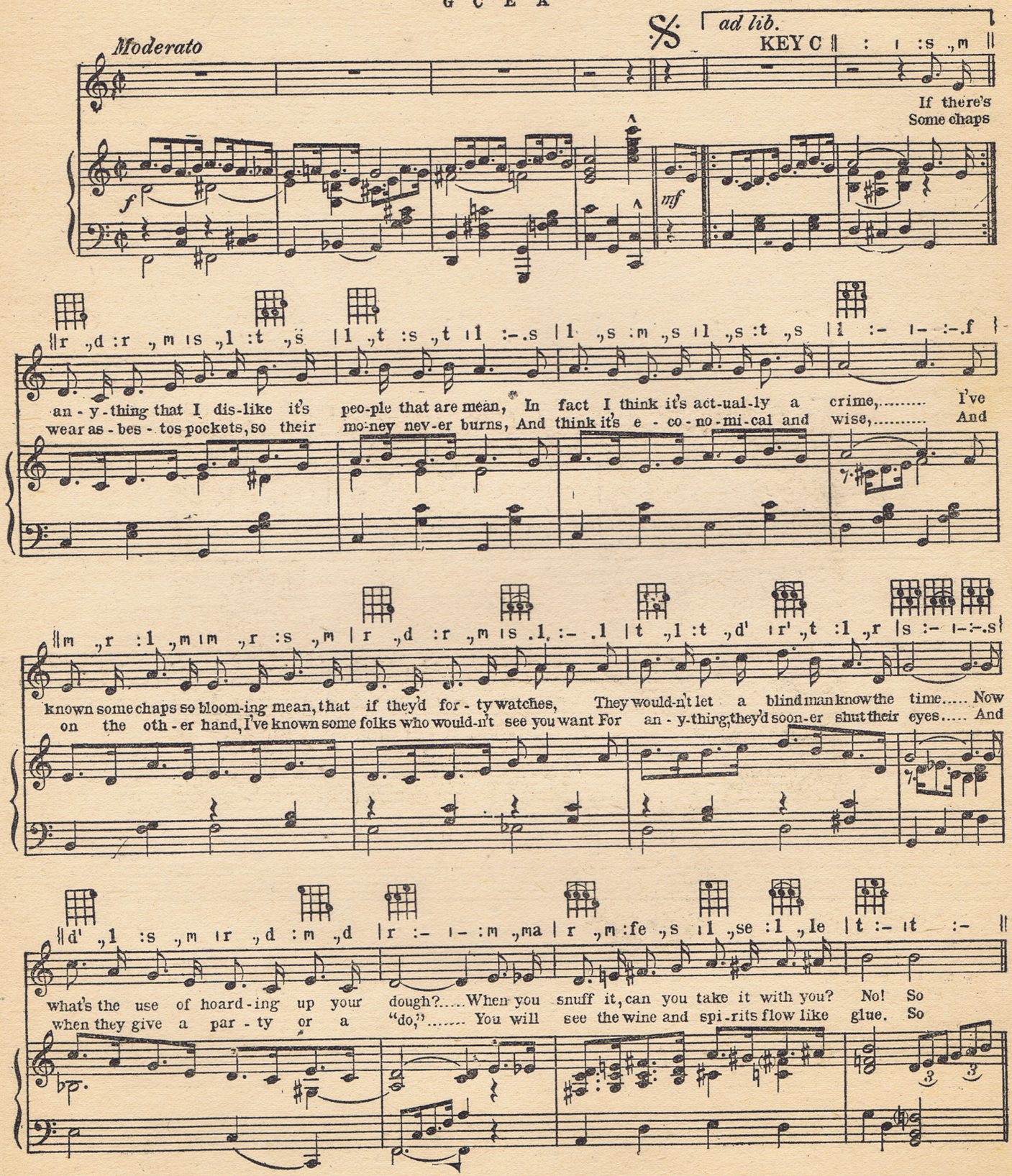
THURSDAY IS MELODY DAY!

HOSPITALITY

Words & Music by

Tune Uke in C

G C E A

LESLIE SARONY.

Moderato
ad lib.
KEY C
If there's
Some chaps
an - y - thing that I dis-like it's peo-ple that are mean, In fact I think it's act-ual-ly a crime,..... I've
wear as - bes - tos pockets, so their mo-ney nev-er burns, And think it's e - co - no - mi-cal and wise,..... And
known some chaps so bloom-ing mean, that if they'd for - ty watches, They would-n't let a blind man know the time..... Now
on the oth - er hand, I've known some folks who would-n't see you want For an - y-thing, they'd soon-er shut their eyes..... And
what's the use of hoard-ing up your dough?..... When you snuff it, can you take it with you? No! So
when they give a par - ty or a "do,"..... You will see the wine and spi-rits flow like glue. So

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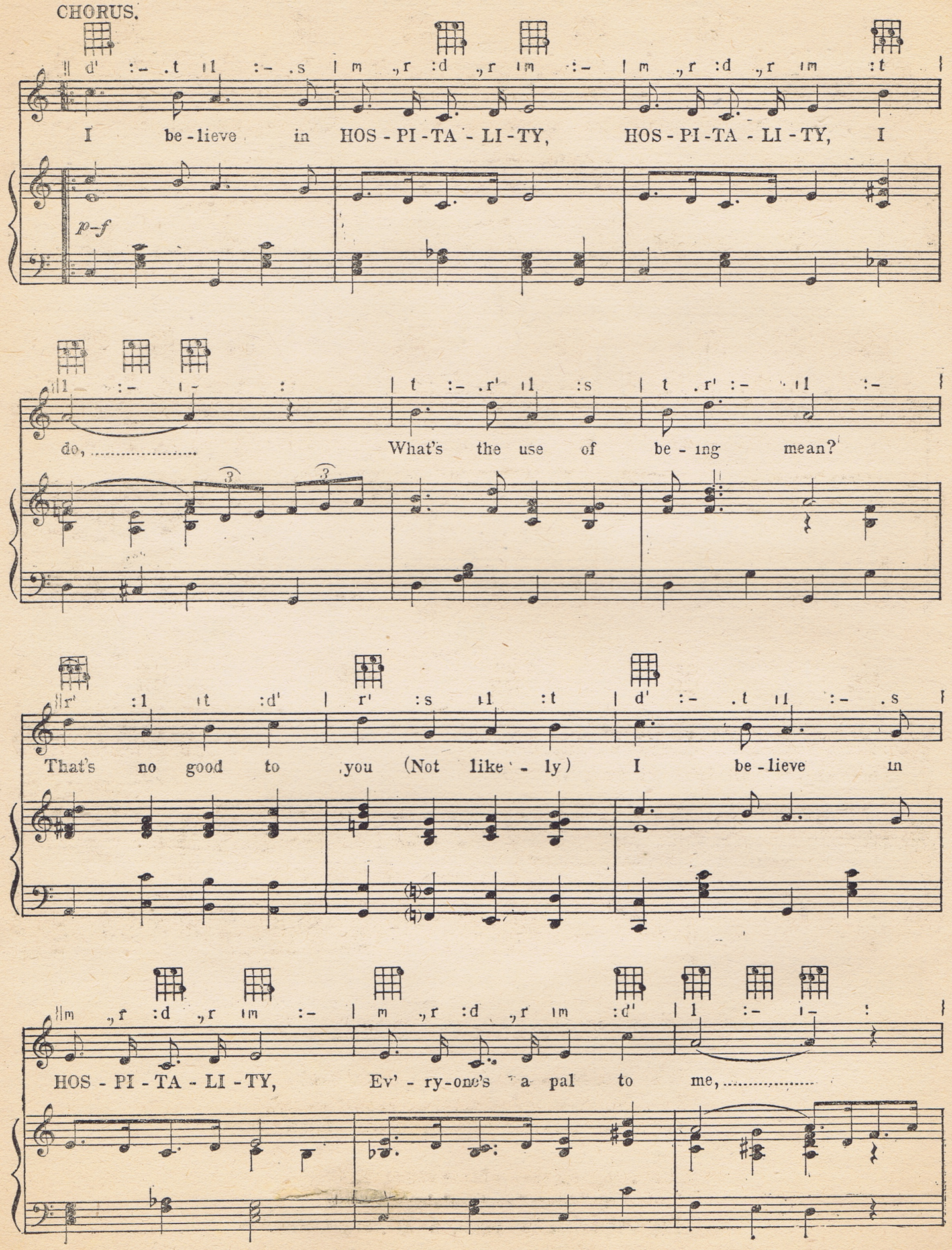
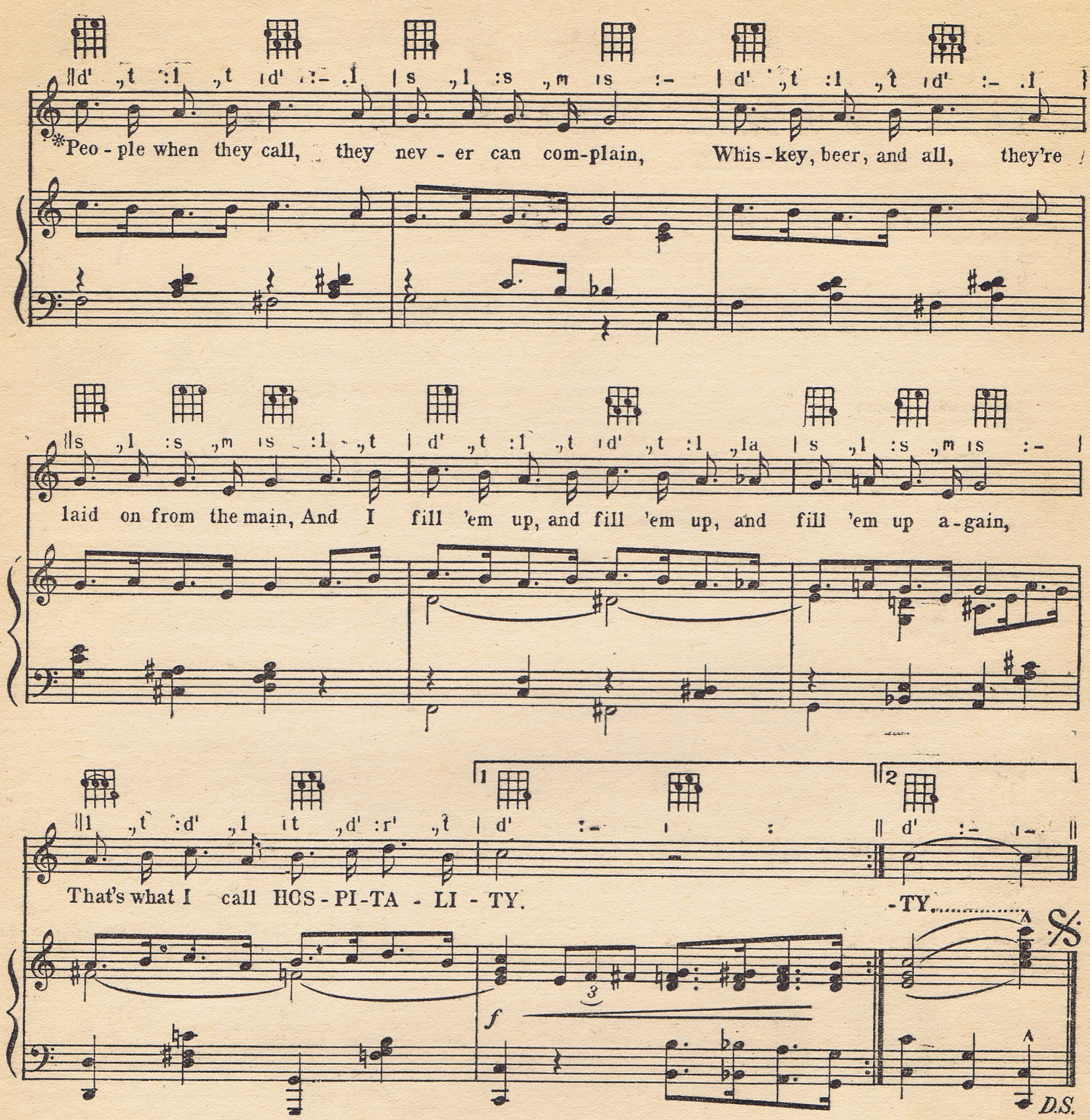
CHORUS.

I be-lieve in HOS-PI-TA-LI-TY, HOS-PI-TA-LI-TY, I
p-f
do, ... What's the use of be-ing mean?
That's no good to you (Not like-ly) I be-lieve in
HOS-PI-TA-LI-TY, Ev'-ry-one's a pal to me, ...

*Peo - ple when they call, they nev - er can com-plain, Whis - key, beer, and all, they're
laid on from the main, And I fill 'em up, and fill 'em up, and fill 'em up a - gain,
That's what I call HOS - PI - TA - LI - TY.
- TY.
D.S.

* EXTRA TRIPLETS FOR CHORUS.

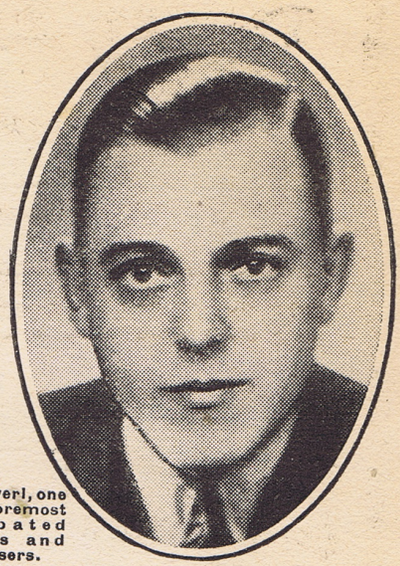
Folks with heady colds in me can always trust,
I give 'em onions boiled, and bread without a crust,
And I make 'em eat it till they say "Well if I BUST, I BUST!"

I had a tidy win upon a horse named "Rob"
I asked my "chinas" in to celebrate the job,
Why, next day, on the empties my old Dad got thirty bob.

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE RHYTHM!

says BILLY MAYERL

Syncopated piano-playing is not so easy as it looks! Below you are told just why in an amusing and informative article by an expert.



Billy Mayerl, one of our foremost syncopated pianists and composers.

WE call them "honky-tonk" pianists. They think that all they have to do to play jazz successfully is to sit at a piano and thump as hard as possible. They have little or no feeling for rhythm. They don't even bother to play every note correctly, because it is "only jazz." If the drummer taps loudly enough the piano won't be heard. So they just don't bother!

I have noticed a great number lately in small café orchestras and in local dance halls. The pity is that many would-be jazz pianists emulate these "vampists," and cannot understand why they never get the best effect from their playing of dance music.

The truth is that jazz—or syncopated music, as I prefer to call it—*does* matter, and that to play jazz skilfully a pianist must not gloss carelessly over details. *Dance music looks easy to play, but it isn't.* As soon as a pianist realises that fact he has halved the danger of becoming an awful "honky-tonk"!

Don't be Impatient!

Now, where does the average amateur jazz pianist go wrong? Mainly, he can't be bothered to study the groundwork of music. It's sheer impatience. He wants to be able to sit down and enthral his friends within a month. It just cannot be done. A jazz pianist must pay as much attention to counterpoint, phrasing and the general theory of music as does the pianist whose sole interest is the classics.

Syncopating on a piano is an art that cannot be picked up casually. It has got to be learned thoroughly, as Carroll Gibbons, Charlie Kunz and poor Raie da Costa proved time and time again. Maybe it seems funny to you that an hour or so a day playing scales and the good old exercises to be found in the tutors is a help for playing dance music. But it's more than a help. It's essential.

Though I've been playing before the public for years there isn't a day that I don't practise. And when I say practise I don't mean tinkering at the piano. I get down to exercises. But the embryo pianist won't always do this. He wants the fun without the work.

You can't play dance music without a sense of rhythm. Lots of people think that a sense of rhythm is a heaven-sent gift. Well, some people are born with such a sense if their guardian angels were working overtime. But a sense of rhythm *can* be cultivated.

I remember one girl who came to me for lessons and was making marvellous progress from the point of view of technique. But there was something missing. I realised that she was too stolid and unemotional. She would play a lilting fox-trot accurately, but with no more soul than she would play a chromatic scale. So I made her listen to every rhythmic dance record that she could lay hands on. Gradually she assimilated rhythm, and that, blended with her perfect technique, soon made her one of the finest amateur jazz pianists I have ever heard.

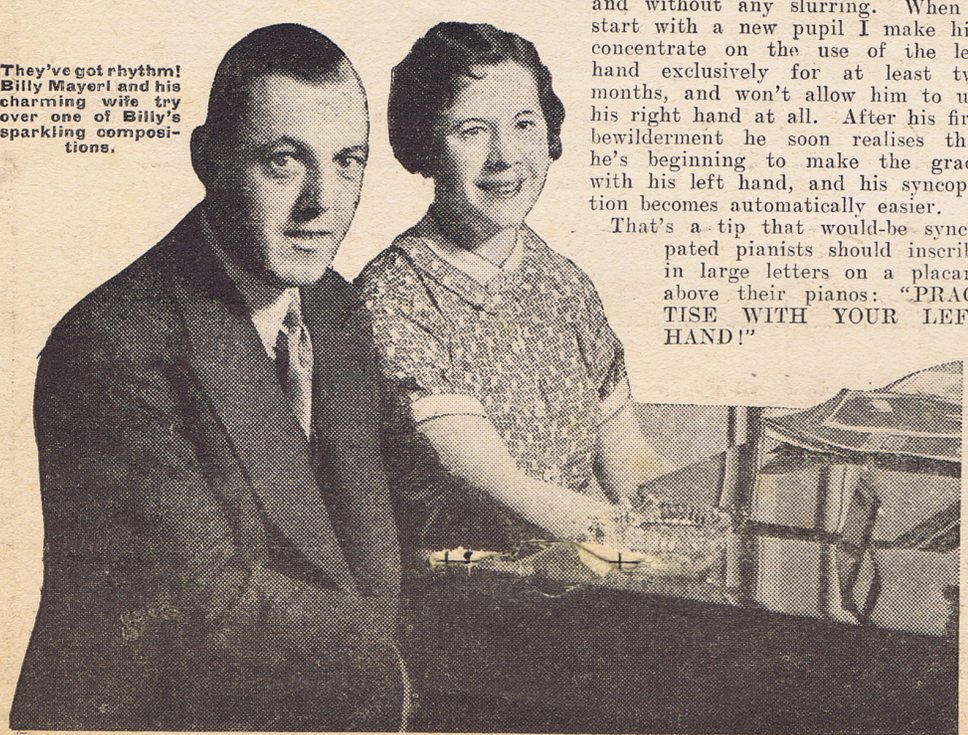
Without rhythm you can't phrase music properly. "Honky-tonks" play the notes one after another, and are content. They don't seem to realise that music is written in *groups* of notes which must be *treated* as groups if the dance tune is to "come over" properly.

The Left Hand is Important.

Another grave fault of many embryo pianists is carelessness with the left hand. Most pianists play fairly accurately with the right hand. But the left is often a different proposition. So long as what they play in the bass doesn't actively interfere with the melody they rarely worry.

Obviously they don't realise that a great deal of the effect of syncopated dance music is obtained with the left hand. The finest dance-band pianists have a wide span with the left, and can strike a chord of ten notes (or a "tenth," as it is called technically) with ease and without any slurring. When I start with a new pupil I make him concentrate on the use of the left hand exclusively for at least two months, and won't allow him to use his right hand at all. After his first bewilderment he soon realises that he's beginning to make the grade with his left hand, and his syncopation becomes automatically easier.

That's a tip that would-be syncopated pianists should inscribe in large letters on a placard above their pianos: "PRACTISE WITH YOUR LEFT HAND!"



They've got rhythm! Billy Mayerl and his charming wife try over one of Billy's sparkling compositions.

Because those words form a signpost to syncopation.

So many people can, in their own words, "tinker on the piano for their own amusement." It is often just laziness that prevents them ever becoming more than mere "tinkerers." But I'm quite sure that if they set out to become proficient dance pianists they would find the effort worth while.

There was once a young man who wrote to me in these strains: "How many weeks will it take me to learn to play jazz? I'm keen to become a famous dance-band pianist."

I felt a mixture of amusement and pity when I read those words. Those of us who have been through the mill must find it a little amusing to encounter people coupling "weeks" and "fame" in one sentence!

I would advise all would-be syncopated pianists to banish the thought of fame from their minds, at least in the early stages. Because fame is something that's very illusionary, anyway. On the credit side one gets a great thrill out of buying a packet of cigarettes and finding one's picture inside as a "Radio Celebrity." But on the debit side one often gets chastening kicks to one's pride.

Polite Repartee!

Once I walked into a music store in a Northern town and asked for a copy of one of my compositions.

Said the charming young assistant: "I've never heard of that title. You're mistaken!"

I assured her that there was no mistake.

"Pardon me," she replied icily, "but I stock *all* Mr. Mayerl's music."

"Pardon *me*," I returned equally icily, "but I *write* all Mr. Mayerl's music!"

And then there was the occasion when I went to Broadcasting House, where I was engaged to broadcast my own compositions. An official asked me my name. I told him. "Oh, yes . . . Mayerl," he replied thoughtfully. "Let me see, will you be needing an accompanist?"

No, I shouldn't worry too much about fame at first. It may possibly come, and then it will be very pleasant.

But at first it is far better to concentrate on becoming a proficient jazz pianist for your own and other people's enjoyment.

And that can only be done by hard work, hours of practice, and a determination never to have the label "Honky-tonk" pinned to you.

Don't Miss Next Week's Programme!

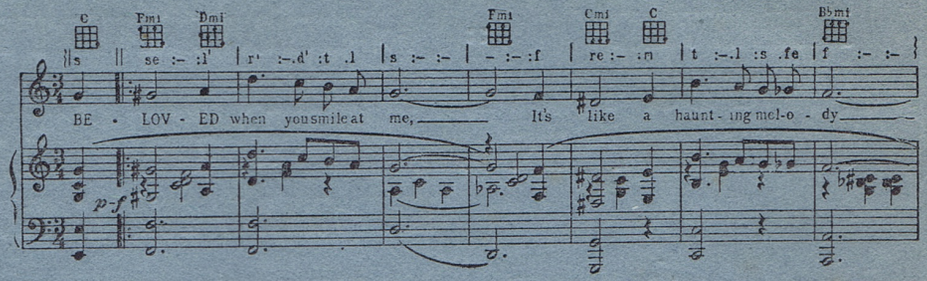
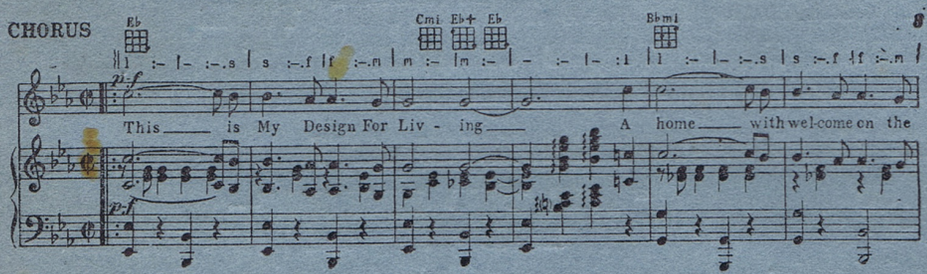
These 6 Big Hits for You!

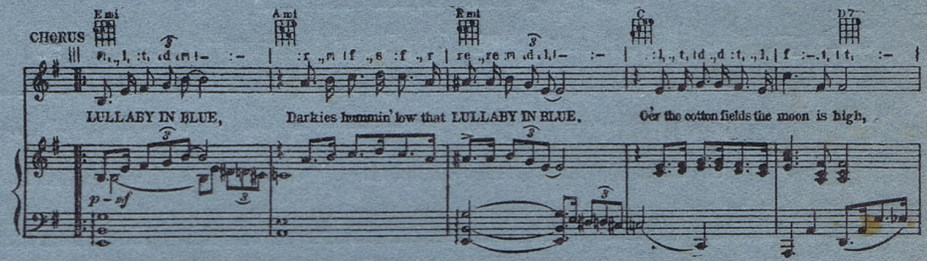
LULLABY IN BLUE
IN SAN ANTONIO
MY DESIGN FOR LIVING
YOU HAVE TAKEN MY HEART
COOM PRETTY ONE BELOVED

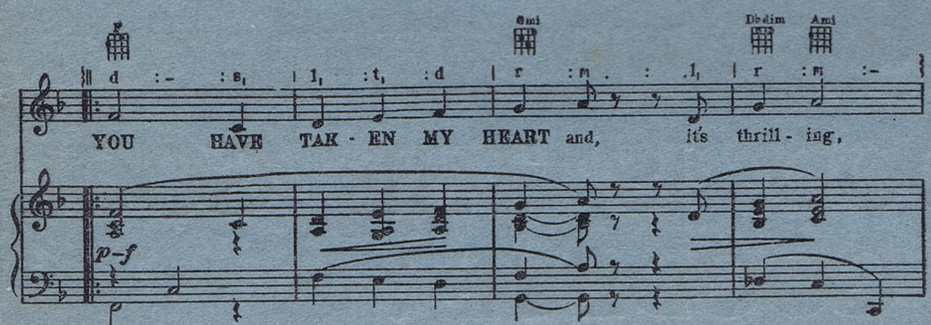
THURSDAY IS MELODY DAY!

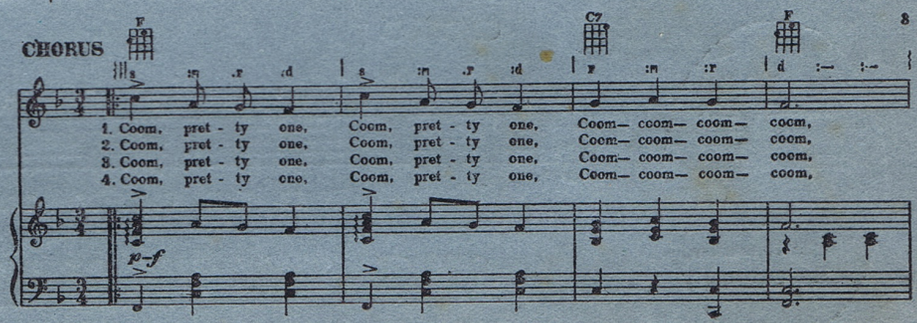
THESE FIVE BIG "HITS" NEXT WEEK

"Get the Songs of the Day in the Cheapest Way."

BELOVED

MY DESIGN FOR LIVING

LULLABY IN BLUE



YOU HAVE TAKEN MY HEART

COOM, PRETTY ONE


CHORUS
1. Coom, pret - ty one, Coom, pret - ty one, Coom— coom— coom— coom,
2. Coom, pret - ty one, Coom, pret - ty one, Coom— coom— coom— coom,
3. Coom, pret - ty one, Coom, pret - ty one, Coom— coom— coom— coom,
4. Coom, pret - ty one, Coom, pret - ty one, Coom— coom— coom— coom,

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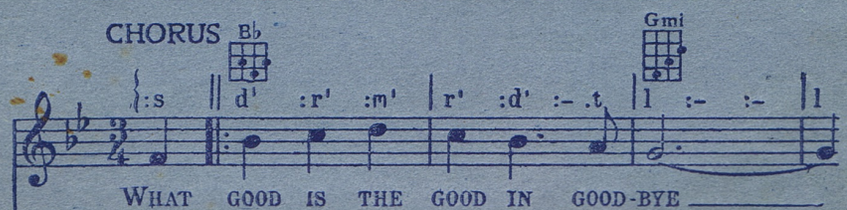

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